

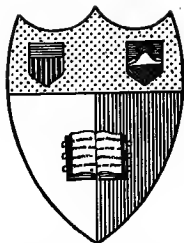
GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS

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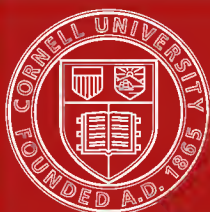
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**GREAT ARTISTS
AND THEIR WORKS**

GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR WORKS BY GREAT AUTHORS

BY
ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS



BOSTON
MARSHALL JONES COMPANY

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THE FLIMPTON PRESS
NORWOOD MASS. U.S.A

FOREWORD

IN the course of long reading about art, artists and works of art, the passages gathered into this volume have, for the editor, come to stand out with peculiar force and directness of meaning, and to contain singularly enlightening comment. It is hoped that students of art, as well as the general reader, will find them equally inspiring and delightful.

The prime purpose of this book is to present, in small compass, clearly reasoned opinions of men who have treated the philosophy of art not less with simplicity of language than depth of understanding; — novelist and essayist not less than professed critic. A further purpose is to present a brief series of most brilliant descriptions of specific and famous works of art, architecture, sculpture, and painting, by men whose names are synonyms for all that is brilliant.

Considered as a whole the collection centres upon a single point, namely, increase of appreciation and love of art behind which, said Rossetti, lies "passionate emotion," and the condition of which is "fundamental brain work." It is a book about men who live, eternal, in their buildings, pictures, sculptures. It is a book by men who have, for the most part, already eternalized themselves in their writings.

THE EDITOR

*Throughout the book the spellings of
first publication have been followed.*

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**GREAT ARTISTS
AND THEIR WORKS**



Section I

INTRODUCTION

THE PURPOSE AND MEANING OF ART

ART AND THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

FREDERIC LORD LEIGHTON

WE have no cause for misgivings in regard to the continued vitality of the arts we follow, inasmuch as they have their roots in deep needs and undying instincts in our common nature; and I exhorted you to work on in unwavering faith that the day is not at hand when the expression of æsthetic emotion through the forms of art shall fail for lack of an answering echo in the hearts of men.

Her duty is to awaken those sensations directly emotional and indirectly intellectual which can be communicated only through the sense of sight, to the delight of which she has primarily to minister. And the dignity of these sensations lies in this, that they are inseparably connected by associations of ideas with a range of perceptions and feelings of infinite variety and scope. They come fraught with dim complex memories of all the ever-shifting spectacle of inanimate creation, and of the more deeply stirring phenomena of darkness of the outer world; of the storm and the lull, the splendour and the darkness of the changeful and the transitory

lives of men. Nay, so closely overlaid is the simple æsthetic sensation with elements of ethic or intellectual emotion by these constant and manifold accretions of associated ideas, that it is difficult to conceive of it independently of this precious overgrowth.

The most sensitively religious mind may indeed rest satisfied in the consciousness that it is not on the wings of abstract thought alone that we rise to the highest moods of contemplation or to the most chastened moral temper; and assuredly arts, which have for their chief task to reveal the inmost springs of beauty in the created world, to display all the pomp of the teeming earth and all the pageant of those heavens, of which we are told that they declare the glory of God, are not the least eloquent witnesses to the might and to the majesty of the mysterious and eternal Fountain of all good things.

And once again, I say, I would fain stamp this vital fact deeply in your minds. Believe me, whatever of dignity, whatever of strength we have within us, will dignify and will make strong the labour of our hands; whatever littleness degrades our spirit, will lessen them and drag them down. Whatever noble fire is in our hearts will burn also in our work; whatever purity is ours will chasten and exalt it; for as we are, so our work is, and what we sow in our lives, that, beyond a doubt, we shall reap for good or for ill in the strengthening or defacing of whatever gifts have fallen to our lot.

ART AND SCIENCE

JOHN CAIRD

WHEN the sympathetic observer stands in rapt admiration before some great masterpiece of painting or sculpture, or when ear and soul yield themselves up to the charm of the great composer's art in song, cantata, opera, oratorio, and vague, undefined emotions, passionate or pathetic, are awakened within the breast, no thought of ulterior use or profit crosses the mind. Its experience is that of absorption in present, immediate enjoyment. And, on the other hand, if we think of the attitude of the artist's mind in producing, equally foreign to it is the aim at anything beyond the work itself. He paints or sings or writes simply because the creative impulse is upon him, and he cannot choose but give it vent; because a dream of beauty has taken possession of his soul, and it is joy or rapture to him to express it.

But whilst this view of the essentially non-utilitarian character of art may be freely conceded, there is nothing inconsistent with the concession in claiming for works of art a higher function than that of recreation or amusement, or in the assertion that they contribute in no slight or inappreciable measure to the formation of character and the intellectual and moral education of the community.

In making this claim, however, it must be admitted that, in one point of view, the principle of "art for art's sake" is profoundly true. The educative function of art is, at best, an indirect one. Whatever intellectual enlightenment or moral elevation is to be

gained from works of imagination, to communicate such benefits cannot be the conscious aim of the artist; nor is the merit of his work to be estimated by its didactic excellencies. Bad or indifferent painting or poetry is no more redeemed from artistic inferiority by the moral or religious aim of the author than ill-dressed food or ill-made clothes by the respectability or piety of the cook or tailor. And, on the other hand, a poem or picture may have many of the highest qualities of art, though the subject may be coarse or voluptuous, or the treatment such as to offend our moral susceptibilities.

The poetry of Shelley and Byron contains much which, from a religious or moral point of view, cannot escape censure, whilst the literary form is of the highest artistic merit. The works of Dr. Watts and Mr. Tupper are full of pious teaching and unexceptional moralizing, yet, regarded as poetry, both are execrable. The deepest truth, in short, the noblest moral lessons may be conveyed in a form of art, but it is as unconsciously, with as little of a didactic aim, as are the lessons which Nature herself is ever teaching. The teachings of rock and stream and sea, the moralities addressed to us by stars and flowers, by autumn woods and mountain solitudes, do not reach us in the form of argumentative disquisitions, but of feelings and emanations which win their way insensibly into the soul. There are better sermons in stones and books and in the running brooks than human pen ever endited, but the lessons which these unconsecrated preachers address to us are innocent of logic or formal admonition.

*“Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wild-weed flower that simply blows
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?
But any man who walks the mead
In bud or blade or bloom may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind;
And liberal applications lie
In Art, like Nature, dearest friend,
So ’twere to cramp its use if I
Should hook it to some useful end.”*

And the reason for what has now been said is obvious. It arises from the very nature of art as distinguished from science. Works of imagination and works of instruction may treat of common subjects. The painter may depict, the poet sing, of the same scenes, persons, events, objects, whereof the naturalist, the historian, the philosopher discourses. But the aspects in which the two sorts of observers contemplate the common objects are essentially different; nor is it possible to combine in the same work an artistic and a scientific view of a subject, without sacrificing the peculiar excellence of both. In proportion to its merits as a work of science it will be bad as a work of art, and the very qualities which make it good art will make it bad science. The same tract of country, to take a palpable illustration, may be represented in landscape painting and in a map. But the painter who tried to embody in his work the precise and definite information of the map, would make it a wretchedly bad picture, and the geographer would spoil his

map, if he tried to introduce the artistic effects of light and shade into his delineation of the boundaries of countries and of mountains, rivers and streams. An anatomical drawing or model and a figure in sculpture deal both with the human frame; but if the sculptor is moved by the desire to display his anatomical knowledge, the ineffable grace and beauty we demand in a work of art vanishes, and what we get is neither science nor art, but only artistic pedantry.

ART AND GENIUS

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

MISS CANN painted flowers and card-screens elegantly, and 'finished' pencil-drawings most elaborately for her pupils. She could copy prints, so that at a little distance you would scarcely know that the copy in stumped chalk was not a bad mezzotinto engraving. She even had a little old paint-box, and showed you one or two ivory miniatures out of the drawers. She gave John James what little knowledge of drawing she had, and handed him over her invaluable recipes for mixing water-colours — 'for trees in foregrounds, burnt sienna and indigo' — 'for dark foliage, ivory black and gamboge' — 'for flesh colour,' etc., etc. John James went through her poor little course, but not so brilliantly as she expected. She was forced to own that several of her pupils' 'Pieces' were executed much more dexterously than Johnny Ridley's. Honeyman looked at the boy's drawings from time to time, and said, 'Hm, ha! . . . very clever — a great deal of fancy,

really.' But Honeyman knew no more of the subject than a deaf and dumb man knows of music. He could talk the Art cant very glibly, and had a set of Morghens and Madonnas as became a clergyman and a man of taste; but he saw not with eyes such as those wherewith Heaven had endowed the humble little butler's boy, to whom splendours of Nature were revealed to vulgar sights invisible, and beauties manifest in form colours, shadows of common objects, where most of the world saw only what was dull, and gross, and familiar. One reads in the magic story-books, of a charm or a flower which the wizard gives, and which enables the bearer to see the fairies. O enchanting boon of Nature, which reveals to the possessor the hidden spirits of beauty round about him! spirits which the strongest and most gifted masters compel into painting or song. To others it is granted but to have fleeting glimpses of that fair Art-world; and tempted by ambition, or barred by faint-heartedness, or driven by necessity, to turn away thence to the vulgar life-track, and the light of common day.

THE PURPOSE OF ART

JOHN ROBERT SEELEY

LET us begin by considering what we understand by Art. The word is one which we use constantly in speaking of painting, sculpture, and architecture; less commonly, but still often, in speaking of poetry and music. These are the different arts. Each of them differs in some respect from every other, but in some points all of them are

alike. Now that in which all the arts resemble each other, what is common to all the arts, is called Art.

What is that one thing which shows itself in all alike, whether we are dealing with stone, as in sculpture, or with words, as in poetry; with canvas, as in painting, or with sounds as in music? To answer this question is to make a beginning in the intelligent study of Art.

With every power that we have we can do two things: we can work, we can play. Every power that we have is at the same time useful to us and delightful to us. Even when we are applying them to the furtherance of our personal objects the activity of them gives us pleasure; and when we have no useful end to which to apply them, it is still pleasant to us to use them; the activity of them gives us pleasure for its own sake. There is no motion of our body or mind which we use in work, which we do not also use in play or amusement. If we walk in order to arrive at the place where our interest requires us to be, we also walk about the fields for enjoyment. If we apply our combining and analyzing powers to solve the problems of mathematics, we use them sometimes also in solving double acrostics.

If this is clear, let me now go a step farther, and say, that as all the serious activities of men fall into certain large classes, and so each class of activities has its own method and rules, so is it with what I may call his sportive activities. What these large classes are in the former case we all know. Men's serious activities are war, manufactures, trade, science. But what are the classes

or kinds into which man's activities fall when he sports with them? They are manifold, but among them are painting, sculpture, poetry, music, or what we call the arts.

This fundamental doctrine, that all art is play or sport, and exists for pleasure, is easily misconceived, and therefore often denied. To see it clearly we should consider the simplest cases of Art, not the most famous or splendid examples. If I wanted to discover what is the object of dinner, it would not be wise to take the case of a great public banquet. If I did so, I should be in danger of supposing that the object of dinner was the display of plate or the making of speeches, and that eating and drinking were mere accidents of it. My best plan would be to consider why the tired pedestrian puts up at the wayside inn. In the same way, in order to discover the object of music, let us not consider Mendelssohn's "Elijah"; this might lead us to suppose that the object of music is the inculcation of religious truth; but let us consider why the laborer whistles at his work. If I took "Faust" or "Hamlet" as examples of the drama, I might suppose the drama had a philosophical object; I understand the drama better when I consider a Christmas party making up a charade. In these simple, natural actions we see the naked notion in which the arts begin. We are present at the birth of the Muses, and we see that they are not the daughters of Memory, but the daughters of Joy. Such examples show us how, with all our faculties, we naturally play as well as work. They show that the voice is not only useful to speak with, but also delightful to sing

with; the foot cannot only walk, but also dance; the hand can paint, as well as work or write; and, to take more complicated instances, the gift of speech, the serious use of which is to communicate thoughts and facts is also used for delight and satisfaction in rhythmical forms, and thus becomes poetry; finally, the whole variety of our serious life is reproduced for delight in the drama.

WHAT IS ART?

T O L S T O I

ONLY those productions will be considered art which transmit feelings drawing men together in brotherly union, or such universal feelings as can unite all men. Only such art will be chosen, tolerated, approved, and diffused. But art transmitting feelings flowing from antiquated, worn-out religious teaching, — Church art, patriotic art, voluptuous art, transmitting feelings of superstitious fear, of pride, of vanity, of ecstatic admiration of national heroes, — art exciting exclusive love of one's own people, or sensuality, will be considered bad, harmful art, and will be censured and despised by public opinion. All the rest of art, transmitting feelings accessible only to a section of people, will be considered unimportant, and will be neither blamed nor praised. And the appraisal of art in general will devolve, not, as is now the case, on a separate class of rich people, but on the whole people; so that for a work to be esteemed good, and to be approved of and diffused, it will have to satisfy the demands, not of a few

people living in identical and often unnatural conditions, but it will have to satisfy the demands of all those great masses of people who are situated in the natural conditions of laborious life.

And the artists producing art will also not be, as now, merely a few people selected from a small section of the nation, members of the upper classes or their hangers-on, but will consist of all those gifted members of the whole people who prove capable of, and are inclined toward, artistic activity.

Artistic activity will then be accessible to all men. It will become accessible to the whole people, because, in the first place, in the art of the future, not only will that complex technique, which deforms the productions of the art of today and requires so great an effort and expenditure of time, not be demanded, but, on the contrary, the demand will be for clearness, simplicity, and brevity — conditions mastered, not by mechanical exercises, but by the education of taste. And secondly, artistic activity will become accessible to all men of the people because instead of the present professional schools which only some can enter, all will learn music and depictive art (singing and drawing) equally with letters in the elementary schools, and in such a way that every man, having received the first principles of drawing and music, and feeling a capacity for, and a call to, one or other of the arts, will be able to perfect himself in it.

People think that if there are no special art schools the technique of art will deteriorate. Undoubtedly, if by technique we understand those complications of art which are now considered an

excellence, it will deteriorate, but if by technique is understood clearness, beauty, simplicity, and compression in works of art, then, even if the elements of drawing and music were not to be taught in the national schools, the technique will not only not deteriorate, but, as is shown by all peasant art, will be a hundred times better. It will be improved, because all the artists of genius now hidden among the masses will become producers of art and will give models of excellence, which (as has always been the case) will be the best schools of technique for their successors. For every true artist, even now, learns his technique, chiefly, not in the schools, but in life, from the examples of the great masters: then — when the producers of art will be the best artists of the whole nation, and there will be more such examples, and they will be more accessible — such part of the school training as the future artist will lose will be a hundredfold compensated for by the training he will receive from the numerous examples of good art diffused in society.

Such will be one difference between present and future art. Another difference will be that art will not be produced by professional artists receiving payment for their work and engaged in nothing else besides their art. The art of the future will be produced by all the members of the community who feel the need of such activity, but they will occupy themselves with art only when they feel such need.

GREAT ART IS DELICATE

JOHN RUSKIN

AS its greatness depends on the sum of truth, and this sum of truth can always be increased by delicacy of handling, it follows that all great art must have this delicacy to the utmost possible degree. This rule is infallible and inflexible. All coarse work is the sign of low art. Only, it is to be remembered, that coarseness must be estimated by the distance from the eye, it being necessary to consult the distance, when great, by laying on touches which appear coarse when seen near; but which, so far from being coarse, are, in reality, more delicate in a master's work than the finest close handling, for they involve a calculation of result, and are laid on with a subtlety of sense precisely correspondent to that with which a good archer draws his bow; the spectator seeing in the action nothing but the strain of the strong arm, while there is, in reality, in the finger and eye, an ineffably delicate estimate of distance, and touch on the arrow plume. And, indeed, this delicacy is generally quite perceptible to those who know what the truth is, for strokes by Tintoret or Paul Veronese, which were done in an instant, and look to an ignorant spectator merely like a violent dash of loaded colour, (and are, as such, imitated by blundering artists,) are, in fact, modulated by the brush and finger to that degree of delicacy that no single grain of the colour could be taken from the touch without injury; and little golden particles of it, not the size of a gnat's head, have important

share and function in the balances of light in a picture perhaps fifty feet long. Nearly *every* other rule applicable to art has some exception but this. This has absolutely none. All great art is delicate art, and all coarse art is bad art. Nay, even to a certain extent, all bold art is bad art; for boldness is not the proper word to apply to the courage and swiftness of a great master, based on knowledge, and coupled with fear and love. There is as much difference between the boldness of the true and the false masters, as there is between the courage of a pure woman and the shamelessness of a lost one.

The last characteristic of great art is that it must be inventive, that is, be produced by the imagination. In this respect, it must precisely fulfil the definition already given of poetry; and not only present grounds for noble emotion, but furnish these grounds by imaginative power. Hence there is at once a great bar fixed between the two schools of Lower and Higher Art. The lower merely copies what is set before it, whether in portrait, landscape, or still-life; the higher either entirely imagines its subject, or arranges the materials presented to it, so as to manifest the imaginative power.

GREATNESS IN ART

JOHN RUSKIN

IF I say that the greatest picture is that which conveys to the mind of the spectator the greatest number of the greatest ideas, I have a definition which will include as subjects of comparison every pleasure which art is capable of conveying. If I

were to say, on the contrary, that the best picture was that which most closely imitated nature, I should assume that art could only please by imitating nature; and I should cast out of the pale of criticism those parts of works of art which are not imitative, that is to say, intrinsic beauties of colour and form, and those works of art wholly, which, like the Arabesques of Raphael in the Loggias, are not imitative at all. Now I want a definition of art wide enough to include all its varieties of aim. I do not say therefore that the art is greatest which gives most pleasure, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to teach, and not to please. I do not say that the art is greatest which teaches us most, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to please, and not to teach. I do not say that the art is greatest which imitates best, because perhaps there is some art whose end is to create, and not to imitate. But I say that the art is greatest which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received.

If this then be the definition of great art, that of a great artist naturally follows. He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

BAD ART — IF POWERFUL ONLY

JOHN ROBERT SEELEY

EVERY work of Art is bad, however powerful, which leaves on the mind a predominant feeling of dissatisfaction, or disgust, or horror. And yet it is very common to hear the works of Art judged simply by their power, by the amount of effect they produce, without regard to the quality of the effect. At Bologna, for example, there is a very powerful picture by Domenichino, of the Martyrdom of St. Agnes. Now to see a human being put to a violent death is a dreadful thing, and, as a general rule, I had rather not see any representation of it. But when the death is martyrdom, when faith and hope triumph over bodily torture, then no doubt, instead of being merely painful, it becomes sublime. It then becomes a fair subject for Art, because the contemplation of it produces on the whole a predominant feeling of triumph and satisfaction. But the artist's special problem is to convey the sense of this victory of faith over pain. If he merely paints with great power the change produced in the human body by the agonies of death, he misses the mark altogether. And this was the effect produced on me by Domenichino's picture. I felt as I should feel if I saw a woman stabbed to the heart in the street. I thought I had seldom seen anything so powerful, and I wished I had never seen it at all.

RELATION OF ART TO NATURE

JAMES MCNEIL WHISTLER

NATURE contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.

But the artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful — as the musician gathers his notes, and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos glorious harmony.

To say to the painter, that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano.

That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong; that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all.

This would seem, to even the most intelligent, a doctrine almost blasphemous. So incorporated with our education has the supposed aphorism become that its belief is held to be part of our moral being, and the words themselves have, in our ear, the ring of religion. Still, seldom does Nature succeed in producing a picture.

The sun blares, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker re-

joices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes.

How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognize the traveller on the top. The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us — then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master — her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at her flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints, suggestions of future harmonies.

He does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent, but, in the long curve

of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result.

In the citron wing of the pale butterfly, with its dainty spots of orange he sees before him the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender saffron pillars, and is taught how the delicate drawing high upon the walls shall be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue.

In all that is dainty and lovable he finds hints for his own combinations and *thus* is Nature ever his resource and always at his service, and to him is naught refused.

Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out.

Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.

THE STUDY OF ART

JOHN CAIRD

IT is the office of art to idealize nature and life, or to present their facts and phenomena in their ideal aspect.

Does this mean that human art can improve on

nature as God made it, or on human life as Providence has ordered it? Can the loftiest genius invent a fairer world, can the most soaring imagination conceive, or the resources of art depict, forms more lovely, lights more dazzling, harmonies of tone and colour more subtle and various than those which we have but to open our eyes to behold? Bring before your minds, for example, any one of nature's ever-changing aspects, and say if the attempt faithfully to render it would not be employment sufficient for the rarest skill of the most ambitious limner who ever handled brush and palette. Light softly tinting the mountain edge at morning, or flooding meadow and woodland and stream with the golden rain of noontide, or flinging abroad with munificence of departing greatness its treasures of purple and vermilion and gold, ere it passes away with infinite gradations of fading splendour beneath the western horizon: the sea rippling up with gentle, scarce perceptible insinuation over the long reaches of the pebbly shore, or rushing with wild impetuosity and hoarse clang of assault on the cliffs of an iron-bound coast; a mountain lake "in the light of the rising moon and of the first stars twinkling against the dusky silverness of twilight": — what, it may be said, has human art to do with its own inventions when, in myriads of such scenes and aspects, with inexhaustible wealth of loveliness, nature awaits, yet baffles man's utmost skill to copy her? Nay, before he presumes to draw on the resources of his own imagination, let the artist take the commonest natural objects, the merest patch of earth or sea or sky — a pool, a spray of hawthorn, a clump of heather, a cloud floating on

the summer sky — and say, whether, after his most patient and protracted toil, he has succeeded in reproducing an exhaustive representation of what is before his eyes?

To this the answer is that, even if it were true that the artist has no other function than to record what he sees in nature, it is not every eye that can see what he sees. Nature reflects herself in the mirror of man's mind, but the mirror in most cases is opaque or dim, sometimes distorted and fractured, and the reflection takes its character from the medium by which it is produced. For the scientific man the outward facts, confused, accidental, unordered, which are all that the ordinary observer perceives, become luminous with the presence of hidden laws and relations. For the artistic or poetic observer, for the mind that is in sympathy with the souls of things — sensuous forms, colours, motions, are alive with the spirit of beauty, transfigured with the hidden glow and splendour of a light that other eyes see not — a light that never was on land or sea. And it is his high vocation, not merely to copy, to tickle our imitative susceptibilities by a matter-of-fact imitation of what we saw before, but through the language of imagination to interpret nature, and make us look upon her face "with larger, other eyes than ours."

But we may go further than this, and boldly say that there is a sense in which art does "improve on nature." All art that is worthy of the name is creative, calls into existence something more than the bare facts which the outward world offers to the senses. These are the materials on which it works but it does not leave them unchanged. It

takes them up, pours them, so to speak, into the crucible of imagination, flings aside the mere dross of accident, fuses them anew in the fire of thought and feeling, shapes and moulds them into conformity with its own ideals, and, lo! from its creative hand, forms which eye hath not seen, embodied visions of a land that is very far off, and of which only in our most exalted moments we catch a glimpse, start into life and beauty.

That there is nothing presumptuous in thus claiming for the imaginative arts the power to add something to nature, we may see by reflecting on what takes place even in the domain of what are called the industrial arts. Every piece of mechanism has in it something more and higher than nature contains. Watches, locomotives, power-looms, steam engines, are not mere natural products. They derive their materials from nature, they take advantage of natural forces and laws, but in their production a new, commanding, selecting, transforming element comes into play, compelling nature's raw materials into new combinations, itself the supreme force amidst nature's forces, to wit, the element of thought, the idea or conception of the inventor. And in like manner in that which we call by eminence the realm of art, i. e. everything is based on nature and must, in a sense, be true to her; but that which constitutes the most precious element in the great work of art, that which arrests and holds the appreciative mind, is not nature slavishly copied, literally, mechanically, reproduced, but the idea, the inspiring thought, the soul of the artist speaking to our soul and causing nature to shine for us with a supernatural significance and glory.

Section II

ARCHITECTURE

THE GREAT PYRAMID

W. M. FLINDERS PETRI

THE laying out of the base of the great pyramid of Khufu is a triumph of skill; its errors, both in length and in angles, were they assembled, could be covered by placing one's thumb over them; and to lay out a square of more than a furlong in the side (and with rock in the midst of it, which prevented any diagonal checks being measured) with such accuracy shows surprising care. The work of the casing stones which remains is of the same class; the faces are so straight and so truly square, that when the stones were built together the film of mortar left between them is on an average not thicker than one's thumb nail, though the joint is a couple of yards long; and the leveling of them over long distances had not any larger errors. In the inside of the pyramid the same fine work is seen; the entrance passage joints are in many cases barely visible when searched for; in the Queen's chamber the joints are found with cement not thicker than a sheet of paper; while in the King's chamber the granite courses have been dressed to a fine equality, not varying more than a straw's breadth in a furlong length of blocks.

Side by side with this splendid work are the strangest mistakes. After having levelled the casing so finely, the builders made a hundred times the error in levelling the shorter length of the King's chamber, so that they might have done it far better by just looking at the horizon. Having dressed the casing joints beautifully, they then left the face of the wall in the grand gallery rough chiselled. The design was changed and a rough shaft was cut from the side of the gallery down through the building and the rock, to the lower end of the entrance passage. The granite in the antechamber is left without its final dressing. And the kernel of the whole, the sarcophagus has much worse work in it than in the building, or than in other sarcophagi of the same period.

The meaning of this curious discrepancy seems to be that the original architect, a master of accuracy and fine methods, must have ceased to superintend the work when it was but half done. His personal influence gone, the training of his school was not sufficient to carry out the remainder of the building in the first style. Thus the base and the casing around it, the building of the Queen's chamber, and the preparation of the granite for the King's chamber, must all have had the master's eye; but the carelessness of the pupils appears so soon as the control was removed. Mere haste will not account for egregious mistakes, such as that of the King's chamber level, which the skilful architect would have remedied by five minutes' observation. This suggests that the exquisite workmanship often found in the early periods, did not so much depend on a large school or widespread

ability as on a few men far above their fellows, whose every touch was a triumph. In this way we can reconcile it with the crude, and often clumsy, work in building and sculpture found in the same ages. There were no trades union rules against 'besting one's mates' in those days.

The pyramids are supposed to have been built by continuous additions during a king's life, and ended only by his death; whereas there is no evidence of this in any of them, and it is clearly disproved by the construction and arrangement of the interiors; the plan was entire originally, and the whole structure began at once. The sarcophagi are often supposed to have been put into the pyramids at the King's burial, with his body inside; whereas in the great and second pyramids, they will not pass through the passages and must have been built in. The casing is supposed to have been all built in the rough, and cut to its slope afterwards; whereas the remaining blocks at the base slightly differ in angle side by side, proving that they were dressed before building in.

Besides examining the pyramids, the remains of the temple of the great pyramid were cleared, and the granite temple of Khafra was thoroughly measured and planned. But perhaps the most interesting part of the subject was tracing how the work was done. The great barracks of the workmen were found, behind the second pyramid, capable of housing four thousand men; and such was probably the size of the trained staff of skilled masons employed on the pyramid building. Besides these a large body of mere labourers were needed to move the stones; and this was probably

done during the inundation, when water carriage is easier, and the people have no work. Herodotus gives the echo of this when he says that the relays of labourers only worked for three months at a time. It would be quite practicable to build the great pyramid in the time, and with the staff of labourers assigned by Herodotus.

Tools are needed as well as labour; and the question of what tools were used is now settled by evidence, to which modern engineers cordially agree. I found repeatedly that the hard stones, basalt, granite, and diorite, were sawn; and that the saw was not a blade, or wire, used with a hard powder, but was set with fixed cutting points, in fact, a jewelled saw. These saws must have been as much as nine feet in length, as the cuts run lengthwise on the sarcophagi. One of the most usual tools was the tubular drill, and this was also set with fixed cutting points; I have a core from inside a drill hole, broken away in the working, which shows the spiral grooves produced by the cutting points as they sunk down into the material; this is of red granite, and there has been no flinching or jumping of the tool; every crystal quartz, or felspar, has been cut through in the most equable way, with a clean irresistible cut. An engineer, who knows such work with diamond drills as well as any one said to me, 'I should be proud to turn out such a finely cut core now'; and truth to tell, modern drill cores cannot hold a candle to the Egyptians'; by the side of the ancient work they look wretchedly scraped out and irregular. That such hard cutting points were known and used is proved by clean cut fine hieroglyphs on diorite,

engraved without a trace of scraping; and by the lathe work, of which I found pieces of turned bowls with the tool lines on them, and positive proof that the surface had not been ground out. The lathe tools were fixed as in modern times, to sweep regular arcs from a centre; and the work is fearless and powerful, as in a flat diorite table with foot, turned in one piece; and also surpassingly delicate, as in a bowl of diorite, which around the body is only as thick as stout cord. The great granite sarcophagi were sawn outside, and hollowed by cutting rows of tube drill holes, as may be seen in the great pyramid. No doubt much hammer-dressing was also used, as in all periods; but the fine work shows the marks of just such tools as we have only now re-invented. We can thus understand, far more than before, how the marvellous works of the Egyptians were executed; and further insight only shows plainer the true skill and ability of which they were masters in the earliest times that we can trace.

THE HOMERIC PALACE

H O M E R

MEANWHILE Odysseus went to the famous palace of Alcinous, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood there or ever he had reached the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of great-hearted Alcinous. Brazen were the walls which ran this way and that from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and round them was a frieze of blue, and golden were the doors that

closed in the good house. Silver were the door-posts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon, and the hook of the door was of gold. And on either side stood golden hounds and silver, which Hephaestus wrought by his cunning, to guard the palace of great-hearted Alcinous, being free from death and age all their days. And within were seats arrayed against the wall this way and that, from the threshold even to the inmost chamber, and thereon were spread light coverings finely woven, the handiwork of women. There the Phaeacian chieftains were wont to sit eating and drinking for they had continual store. Yea, and there were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm-set bases, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace. And he had fifty handmaids in the house, and some grind the yellow grain on the millstone, and others weave webs and turn the yarn as they sit, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar tree; and the soft olive oil drops off that linen, so closely is it woven. For as the Phaeacian men were skilled beyond all others in driving a swift ship upon the deep, even so are the women most cunning at the loom, for Athene hath given them notable wisdom in all fair handiwork and cunning wit. And without the courtyard hard by the door is a great garden, of four ploughgates, and a hedge runs round on either side. And there grow tall trees blossoming, pear-trees and pomegranates, and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth neither faileth, winter nor summer, enduring through all the year. Ever-

more the West Wind blowing brings some fruits to birth and ripens others. Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple on apple, yea and cluster ripens upon cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig. There too hath he a fruitful vineyard planted, whereof the one part is being dried by the heat, a sunny plot on level ground while other grapes men are gathering, and yet others they are treading in the wine-press. In the foremost row are unripe grapes that cast the blossom, and others there be that are growing black to vintaging. There too, skirting the furthest line, are all manner of garden beds, planted trimly, that are perpetually fresh, and therein are two fountains of water, whereof one scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it beneath the threshold of the courtyard, and issues by the lofty house, and thence did the townsfolk draw water. These are the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

THE ACROPOLIS

PLUTARCH

THAT which was the chief delight of the Athenians and the wonder of strangers, and which alone serves for a proof that the boasted power and opulence of ancient Greece is not an idle tale, was the magnificence of the temples and public edifices. Yet no part of the conduct of Pericles moved the spleen of his enemies more than this. In their accusations of him to the people they insisted, "That he had brought the greatest disgrace upon the Athenians by removing the public treasures of

Greece from Delos, and taking them into his own custody: That he had not left himself even the specious apology, of having caused the money to be brought to Athens for its greater security, and to keep it from being seized by the barbarians: That Greece must needs consider it as the highest insult, and an act of open tyranny, when she saw the money she had been obliged to contribute towards the war, lavished by the Athenians in gilding their city and ornamenting it with statues, and temples that cost a thousand talents, as a proud and vain woman decks herself out with jewels." Pericles answered this charge by observing, "That they were not obliged to give the allies any account of the sums they had received, since they had kept the barbarians at a distance, and effectually defended the allies, who had not furnished either horses, ships, or men, but only contributed money, which is no longer the property of the giver, but of the receiver, if he performs the conditions on which it is received: That as the state was provided with all the necessities of war, its superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works, as when executed, would be eternal monuments of its glory, and which, during their execution, would diffuse an universal plenty; for as so many kinds of labor and such a variety of instruments and materials were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and be at the same time both adorned and supported by itself."

Indeed, such as were of a proper age and strength, were wanted for the wars, and well rewarded for

their services; and as for the mechanics and meaner sort of people, they went not without their share of the public money nor yet had they it to support them in idleness. By the constructing of great edifices, which required many arts and a long time to finish them, they had equal pretensions to be considered out of the treasury (though they stirred not out of the city) with the mariners and soldiers, guards and garrisons. For the different materials, such as stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress, furnished employment to carpenters, masons, brasiers, goldsmiths, painters, turners, and other artificers; the conveyance of them by sea employed merchants and sailors, and by land, wheelrights, waggoners, carriers, ropemakers, leathercutters, paviors, and ironfounders; and every art had a number of the lower people ranged in proper subordination to execute it like soldiers under the command of a general. Thus by the exercise of these different trades, plenty was diffused among persons of every rank and condition. Thus works were raised of an astonishing magnitude, and inimitable beauty and perfection, every architect striving to surpass the magnificence of the design with the elegance of the execution; yet still the most wonderful circumstance was the expedition with which they were completed. Many edifices, each of which seems to have required the labor of several successive ages, were finished during the administration of one prosperous man.

THE ACROPOLIS

W. R. LETHABY

LEAVING the lower town for the acropolis, a statue to Earth as Rearer of Children was passed. 'To the acropolis,' says Pausanias, 'there is only one approach, and it allows of no other, being everywhere precipitous and walled.' The splendid gateway of the Holy City of Athens had a gallery of pictures on the left, and to the right the Temple of Victory. Inside the entrance portico the whole area appeared covered with temples, sacred objects and statues. Here was a bronze representation of the wooden horse of Troy. There was a group of the Earth praying to Zeus for rain; and, above all, the great bronze Athene rose so high that her plumed helmet was seen from out at sea.

About half-way on the irregular enclosure (which levelled up the crest of the rock) to the right, stands the Parthenon, which contained the lovely gold and ivory statue of Athene and a treasure of beautiful objects. Before the eastern front stood the altar; the temple of Erechtheus, with its sculptured porch, stands to the left. Looking over the battlements of the enclosure on the south side, two vast circular open-air theatres are seen, the rising marble seats following spaces hollowed out of the rocky sides of the hill. Farther away to the west is Mars Hill, where the law pleadings were made, and here, appropriately, was the temple to the Fates. Outside the walls was the Street of the Tombs.

THE GREEK TEMPLE

ERNST CURTIUS

THE Greek temple is no civic common hall, but the house of a god. It was the veneration of sacred symbols and figures which first awakened the desire of founding a place worthy of them, i. e., a holy place. The most obvious object offering itself for the purpose was the tree sacred to the divinity, and forming the natural sanctuary of the latter. Accordingly, we find in Greece tree-sanctuaries of primitive antiquity — Apollo placed among laurel-bushes, and Artemis in the trunk of the cedar or the elm. In the next place it became desirable to provide a more lasting and fixed protecting roof for the gods, in order to ensure their statues the pledges of the public welfare, against robbery and any offensive touch. While it is not improbable that, for such a hedging-in of statues, the wood of the sacred trees was originally employed, a fixed style of architecture, at all events, only developed itself with the use of stone; and, after the Hellenes had begun to avail themselves, for the purpose of religious worship, of the inexhaustible stores of the most precious material supplied by their hills, they also arranged and formed the whole edifice according to the nature of their materials. It was a free creation of the Hellenic mind; and whatever incidental information, with reference to technical points of architecture in stone, they may have derived from nations which had been engaged in architecture at an earlier period, according to its

spiritual essence the whole system was purely Hellenic, and moreover, after its fashion new.

The idea which, in the first instance, lies at the foundation of the Greek temple of stone, is the same which was the standard in all the Hellenic institutions of religious worship, viz., the strict separation of the sacred and the profane. For this reason, the rocky soil of natural growth is levelled, and on it a broad terrace raised out of hewn blocks of stone, partly intended to give to the temple a firm foundation and a secure connection with the earth and, on the other hand, to place it on its own base as something peculiar and established under festive circumstances, and to raise it above the level on which men pursue their daily occupations. The purpose of this solemn foundation is also served by the broad steps cut out around the building, three in number, in order that for the sake of a good omen the right foot may touch both the first and the last of them.

The immediate position of the statue must, in accordance with its purpose, be fixed, and enclosed on all sides. Accordingly, strong walls, built up out of blocks of stone, surround the quadrilateral space of the cella of the temple, stretching towards the east; like thick curtains, they hide the view of the statue from every unconsecrated eye. But it is at the same time to be accessible and visible. For in the east court of the temple stands the altar for burnt-offerings, and those who sacrifice on it wish to sacrifice in the sight of the divinity. Accordingly, it becomes necessary to diminish and reconcile the contrast between the dark space within and the surrounding localities without.

This is attained by leaving the east side open; the walls here end in the form of columns, called pilasters and, in the midst, between them rise two columns indicating the front of the building, and forming together with the projecting side-walls, a space full of light, which is protected from without by nothing but grating. A corresponding space is added to the heart of the building on the west.

The columns and pilasters are connected with one another by the architrave. On the architrave arise anew vertical props; these are the *triglyphs*, rectangular blocks, the intermediate spaces between which (the *metopes*) remain open in order to give light to the interior. Behind the triglyphs rest the ends of the stone beams, with a slight bearing on the architrave; which beams form the ceiling with others crossing them; and the ceiling now covers the whole interior of the sanctuary like a network of stone. At their upper end the triglyphs are connected with one another by a fresh system of horizontal beams. As the columns support the architrave, so the triglyphs support the cornice of the roof of the temple, by throwing its weight on the axes of the columns and the pilasters. The roof extends longitudinally over the entire building beneath, by forming a triangular gable, allowing the rain-water to run off on an incline and to gather in the gutter of the roof, whence it is afterwards emitted through the open jaws of lions, without touching the lower parts of the building.

Such is the skeleton of the Greek temple. Its creation is the first great fact of the development of Hellenic culture; and in no creation has the national character of the Greeks been expressed in

so real a manner. In so far as temple-architecture proceeded from Delphi, Delphi called into life, in this regard as in others, that which most clearly distinguishes Hellenes from Barbarians. In external magnificence the sacred edifices of Egypt could not be surpassed; but the Egyptian temples are an agglomeration of a mass of separate rooms of which one was pushed out in advance of another, while the temples of the Greeks, small or great, form an organic whole in which nothing is superfluous or arbitrary, and which allows of no capricious extension. Every part of it is a necessary member of the whole, which in its place serves the common end, without being anything as of itself. It is the Kosmos of the Doric state brought before the senses in stone. The whole is arranged according to the simplest numerical proportions, and yet within this whole there exists a great variety of effective mutual relations and uses, a living contrast between the vertical and horizontal, the open and the closed, the supporting and the supported; but all contrasts dissolve into a higher harmony, which arises before the spectator in a solemn and tranquillizing calm, and embodies before his eyes the sacred significance of Measure and Law.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

V I O L L E T - L E - D U C

ART does not reside in this or that form, but in a principle, — a logical method. Consequently no reason can be alleged for maintaining that one particular *form* of art is Art, and that apart from

this form all is barbarism; and we are justified in contending that the art of the Iroquois Indians or that of the French in the Middle Ages may not have been barbarous. What is desirable to ascertain is, not whether the Indian or the Frenchman has more or less nearly approached the forms of Greek Art, but whether they have proceeded in the same manner as the Greeks: — and whether, being in a different climate, — having other wants and other customs, — they have not necessarily, for the very reason that they did proceed like the Greeks, departed as far from the forms adopted by the latter, as their climate, their requirements, and their customs differed from the climate, requirements, and customs of the Greeks. No one in the present day seriously recommends the imitation of the forms of Greek art in the province of Architecture; — does it therefore follow that the study of these forms is useless? Certainly not. To the architect that study is indispensable; but indispensable with the condition that it shall not confine itself to the forms, but advance to the discovery of the principle, — the principle common to all the Arts. It is barbarism to reproduce the Greek Temple in the streets of London or Paris, — for the transplanted imitation of this building denotes an ignorance of the principle which guided its erection, and *ignorance is Barbarism*. It is barbarous to neglect the thorough and careful study of Greek art; for Greek art is that which most perfectly subordinated form to the modes of thought and feelings recognized by the people among whom it originated, — principles not invented by it, but which it fully comprehended and unerringly pur-

sued. It is also barbarous to ignore in modes of art foreign to the Greek mode the true principles which they exhibit.

The study of Greek antiquity is, and probably ever will be, the surest means of initiating youth into the knowledge of the arts, — the most solid foundation of taste, and consequently of good sense, for one cannot exist without the other; it teaches how to distinguish truth from sophistry, — it enlarges without confusing the mind. However poetical the imagination of the Greek, it never leads him beyond the limits of the true; his object above all is to be clear, to be understood, to be human; for he lives among men, and to man he refers everything. As for ourselves, in the present day, we admire the various manifestations of art among the Greeks; but the reproduction of these manifestations is beyond our power; — we live a different life. But their principles, embodying eternal truth, we may appropriate to ourselves; we may, in a word, reason as they did, though we do not speak the same language.

ARCHITECTURE

REGINALD BLOMFIELD

IT has sometimes been suggested that whereas the Semitic races show an instinctive and exclusive sense for what is great, the Aryan races alone have the sense of the beautiful. In regard to architecture at any rate the distinction is misleading. Great size, or I should say the power of producing the effect of great size in orderly distribution, is

one of the essential qualities of architecture. Short of that power I do not think any architecture can be called beautiful — at least it falls below the highest excellence of the art. Nowhere is the majesty of simple size more evident than in the monuments of Egypt, and I call your attention to this tremendous architecture, in order that you may learn the lessons it teaches of finely considered mass, and of the effect to be got by the simplest forms of construction properly handled. Here then, in this monumental simplicity, in this reliance on great scale and cumulative effect of a series of buildings set out on an ordered plan, we find one of the elements of the 'grand manner.' The central idea is predominant everywhere, it is never sacrificed to detail, but serenely maintains its sway, undisputed and irresistible.

Amid much that is utterly different, this architectonic quality, this perfect instinct for organic design, is found in a very noble form in Greek architecture. In Greece it was realized under different conditions, both of ideals and of natural resources. In Egyptian architecture the principle of symmetry finds its fullest expression. Their cities were set in the valley of the Nile, and except for the course of that river there were no physical obstacles to a perfectly regular plan, no rock or citadel, no Acropolis, which dominated the laying out of the city. Moreover, the power of the Egyptian Pharaohs provided the only possible machinery for the execution of their stupendous architecture. Neither of these conditions existed in Greece, a rocky country divided among small and relatively inconsiderable States; but among

its peoples were to be found men of incomparable individuality and genius. Perhaps, no example shows more clearly their versatility, than the laying out of the Acropolis in the time of Pericles. The Acropolis is a long narrow rock in the centre of the city, and here from time immemorial there had existed temples to the tutelary gods of Athens, shrines of unalterable sanctity, so that after the rock had been swept by fire and sword, their sites were religiously preserved, and the new temples, with one notable exception, had to be built on the original sites. Moreover, the area was bounded by walls of great antiquity, and the levels varied considerably, so that the task set by Pericles to his architects was one of extraordinary difficulty, for they had to deal with a number of heterogeneous buildings, at different levels, and with different axis lines. Moreover, only one entrance was possible, viz., by the narrow way at the west end, and the rocks on either side of this were already occupied by older buildings — on the north by that called the Pinakotheca, on the south by the Temple of Nike Apteros. But in the cleft in the rock between these two buildings, Mnesicles saw his chance, and here he placed the Propylaea, that superb entrance which crowned the ascent of the Acropolis with its stately Doric order. Here, for the first time appears a subtlety of design which was a new thing in the architecture of the world. The Propylaea had inevitably to be placed square to the ascent, but the small Temple of Nike Apteros was already there, standing in advance of the Propylaea, and at an acute angle to its transverse axis line. The problem was, to balance this on

the northern side. The architect solved it by treating the Temple as an independent monument standing clear against the sky-line; and on the opposite side of the ascent he formed a platform, afterwards used by the Romans for a statue of Agrippa, and probably from the first for sculpture; — so that though there was no exact symmetry, there was a relative equivalence and balance of sky-line, as between the two sides of the approach.

Inside the entrance, the ground rose along the hill; at some distance along the south side was the site of the older Parthenon, and nearly parallel to the latter on its northern side was the site of the old Erechtheion, almost on the longitudinal axis line of the Propylaea as rebuilt by Mnesicles. After the burning by the Persians, the Temple of Erechtheus was not rebuilt on the original site, a deviation from almost invariable custom for which some extraordinary reasons must have existed. What they were is nowhere stated, and we must look for them among the motives which inspired the whole scheme of the new Acropolis. That scheme was the glorification of the goddess Athene; and the chief features of the Acropolis were to be, the Parthenon rebuilt on a scale of greatly increased magnificence, and the statue of Athene Promachos. Had the Erechtheion been placed on its old site it would either have competed with the Parthenon or been dwarfed by it. Moreover, it would have been concealed by the Parthenon on the south side, and would have stood too far back from the north edge of the rock to be visible on the north side. Therefore, advantage was taken of the sacred spot on which was shown

the mark of the trident of the God, and here the new Erechtheion was built, well, away from the Parthenon, and so that it was visible from below on the north side. For Pericles' architects had before them a wider horizon than the parapets of the Acropolis. That rock symbolized all that the Athenian held most sacred and the architects so placed their monuments that the white houses of the gods were visible from below; — so that from far away, on the plains of Attica or on the Aegean sea, might be seen the glittering helm of the goddess that watched over the city of the violet crown. M. Choisy has pointed out the curiously skilful placing of the statue on the Acropolis itself. It was the first object that met the eye of the visitor after passing through the Propylaea, masking in a manner the Erechtheion, leaving the Parthenon freely in view on the right as the great predominant building. This, no doubt, was contemplated by the architects, but I think their principal reason for placing the figure where they did was that, from either side of the Acropolis, and from far away, this figure should be seen towering aloft against the sky, midway between the Propylaea and the Parthenon on the south, and the Propylaea and the Erechtheion on the north; in other words, in dealing with a peculiar problem, they realized the possibilities and necessities of the site, not only inside the Acropolis itself, but from beyond it, and below.

So on the Acropolis, it was an essential part of the policy of Pericles to keep ever present in the imagination of the citizens the sense of the divine importance of the State, and to this end he called

in the art of Pheidias, the skill of the architects of the Parthenon. Where his achievement was so memorable was in its grasp of a large ulterior purpose, namely, that the Acropolis, *as a whole*, should present itself to every point of view, as the visible symbol of the State. The problem of the Acropolis lay outside its walls as well as within them, and it was an effort of genius to rise to this great conception. Symmetry in large planning had not yet established itself as an important element of design, but the Greek had an extraordinary eye for ground, for the placing of his buildings so that they told their story seen from afar, and the lesson of the Acropolis lies not only in the beauty of its monuments, but in the flexibility of mind with which the Greek architects adapted their design to its conditions.

ORIGIN OF EUROPEAN ARCHITECTURE

JOHN RUSKIN

ALL European architecture, bad and good, old and new, is derived from Greece through Rome, and coloured and perfected from the East. The history of architecture is nothing but the tracing of the various modes and directions of this derivation. Understand this, once for all: if you hold fast this great connecting clue, you may string all the types of successive architectural invention upon it like so many beads. The Doric and Corinthian orders are the roots, the one of all Romanesque, massy-capitaled buildings — Norman, Lombard, Byzantine, and what else you can name of the kind; and, the Corinthian of all Gothic, Early English,

French, German, and Tuscan. Now observe: those old Greeks gave the shaft; Rome gave the arch; the Arabs pointed and foliated the arch. The shaft and arch, the frame-work and strength of architecture, are from the race of Japheth; the spirituality and sanctity of it from Ishmael, Abraham, and Shem.

There is high probability that the Greek received his shaft system from Egypt; but I do not care to keep this earlier derivation in the mind of the reader. It is only necessary that he should be able to refer to a fixed point of origin, when the form of shaft was first perfected. But it may be incidentally observed, that if the Greeks did indeed receive their Doric from Egypt, then the three families of the earth have each contributed their part to its noblest architecture; and Ham, the servant of the others, furnishes the sustaining or bearing member, the shaft; Japheth the arch, Shem the spiritualization of both.

I have said that the two orders, Doric and Corinthian, are the roots of all European architecture. You have, perhaps heard of five orders; but there are only two real orders; and there never can be any more until doomsday. On one of these orders the ornament is convex; those are Doric, Norman, and what else you recollect of the kind. On the other the ornament is concave; those are Corinthian, Early English, Decorated, and what else you recollect of that kind. The transitional form, in which the ornamental line is straight, is the centre or root of both. All other orders are varieties of these, or phantasms and grotesques, altogether indefinite in number and species.

This Greek architecture, then, with its two orders, was clumsily copied and varied by the Romans with no particular result until they began to bring the arch into extensive practical service; except only that the Doric capital was spoiled in endeavours to mend it, and the Corinthian much varied and enriched with fanciful, and often very beautiful imagery. And in this state of things came Christianity: seized upon the arch as her own: decorated it, and delighted in it: invented a new Doric capital to replace the spoiled Roman one: and all over the Roman empire set to work, with such materials as were nearest at hand, to express and adorn herself as best she could. This Roman Christian architecture is the exact expression of the Christianity of the time, very fervid and beautiful — but very imperfect; in many respects ignorant, and yet radiant with a strong, childlike light of imagination, which flames up under Constantine, illumines all the shores of the Bosphorus and the Aegean and the Adriatic Sea, and then gradually, as the people give themselves up to idolatry, becomes corpse-light.

THE GREEK TEMPLE

V I O L L E T - L E - D U C

LET us revert to the structure of the Greek temple. The Greek architect recognizes the necessity of symmetry: it is an instinct of the human mind; but he does not allow that this instinct should over-ride reason. In building his temple he began with the cella, — the enclosure reserved for

the divinity, — making it an independent construction, a walled enclosure of inconsiderable dimensions, around which he placed the columns of his portico, leaving between this enclosure and the columns a space in proportion to the size of the cella. His sole concern is so to arrange his columns that the wooden ceiling may rest upon the wall of the cella and the internal friezes of the portico. This consideration is his only guide. His reason leads him still further to disregard what are called the rules of symmetry; the angles of his portico engross his attention, he sees their isolated columns, which have to support a heavier weight than the rest, and he foresees that if one of the architraves bearing on this angle should happen to break it will have the effect of forcing the column outwards. Reason suggests to him the prudence of allowing a less space between the angle-column and the two neighbouring ones than he has allowed between the other columns of the portico, and of increasing the diameter of this angle-column; and what his reason suggests, that he follows, despite the rules of symmetry.

These difficulties in the general arrangement being solved, the architect proceeds to the consideration of details: he has observed that when it rains, the water trickles down the vertical face of the external cornice, and mingling with the dust, leaves brown stains which darken the crown of his edifice, whose extreme verge he desires to see stand out lustrous against the azure of the sky. He lays on this cornice a gutter of marble or terra-cotta, furnished at regular intervals with projecting gargoyles, — and thus succeeds in throwing the water

off from the face of the cornice: but this gutter, itself exposed to the rain, soon becomes weather stained, and he overlays it with carving or painting to render this defect less apparent. The more the born artist observes, the wider does the field of observation extend itself before him. Now the observation of the artist and that of the savant differ in their results. The savant observes in order to compare, — to draw conclusions, — in a word to know. The artist observes, but he does not stop at conclusions: his conclusions lead him on to augment, modify, or neutralize the effects produced by physical laws, — to struggle in concert with or in opposition to them.

CITY PLANNING — THE ROMAN IDEA

REGINALD BLOMFIELD

THE Rome of the Caesars shows how far we have fallen behind in the handling of great cities. We are proud of our engineering skill, yet there are not many men who could deal with the constructive difficulties of the palace of Caligula. We have absolutely nothing to compare with that sumptuous area of Apollo which stood on the Palatine Hill. It is worth dwelling on this for an instant, if only to stimulate our imagination of what a noble city should be. The area of Apollo was an open court, entered by a lofty marble arch, and surrounded by a peristyle of fifty-two columns of giallo antico, set against walls of white marble from Luna and Hymettus. Between each pair of columns were statues of the Danaides, and opposite

each Danaid an equestrian figure of her murdered bridegroom. In the centre of the court was the Temple of Apollo Palatinus, and in the open space before the temple, an altar surrounded by the four statues of Myron's wondrous oxen. Now all the details of this work were probably beautiful, but the essential fact about it, and the quality which one has to realize, is that its architecture and its sculpture, and their adjustment to the site, were conceived of as a whole, and not piece by piece. The Roman saw that isolated beauty merely makes adjacent hideousness more hideous, that it was folly to plump down a temple or a statue and leave it to its fate.

*ROME — CIVIC WORKS OF ORNAMENT
AND USE*

EDWARD GIBBON

AMONG the innumerable monuments of architecture constructed by the Romans, how many have escaped the notice of history, how few have resisted the ravages of time and barbarism! And yet, even the majestic ruins that are still scattered over Italy and the provinces, would be sufficient to prove that those countries were once the seat of a polite and powerful empire. Their greatness alone, or their beauty, might deserve our attention: but they are rendered more interesting, by two important circumstances, which connect the agreeable history of the arts with the more useful history of human manners. Many of those works were erected at private expense, and almost all were intended for public benefit.

It is natural to suppose that the greatest number, as well as the most considerable of the Roman edifices, were raised by the emperors, who possessed so unbounded a command both of men and money. Augustus was accustomed to boast that he had found his capital of brick, and that he had left it of marble. The strict economy of Vespasian was the source of his magnificence. The works of Trajan bear the stamp of his genius. The public monuments with which Hadrian adorned every province of the empire, were executed not only by his orders, but under his immediate inspection. He was himself an artist; and he loved the arts, as they conduced to the glory of the monarch. They were encouraged by the Antonines, as they contributed to the happiness of the people. But if the emperors were the first, they were not the only architects of their domains. Their example was universally imitated by their principal subjects, who were not afraid of declaring to the world that they had spirit to conceive, and wealth to accomplish, the noblest undertakings. Scarcely had the proud structure of the Coliseum been dedicated at Rome, before the edifices, of a smaller scale indeed, but of the same design and materials, were erected for the use, and at the expense of the cities of Capua and Verona. The inscription of the stupendous bridge of Alcantara attests that it was thrown over the Tagus by the contributions of a few Lusitanian communities. When Pliny was intrusted with the government of Bithynia and Pontus, provinces by no means the richest or most considerable of the empire, he found the cities within his jurisdiction striving with each other in

every useful and ornamental work, that might deserve the curiosity of strangers, or the gratitude of their citizens. It was the duty of the proconsul to supply their deficiencies, to direct their taste, and sometimes to moderate their emulation. The opulent senators of Rome and the provinces esteemed it an honor, and almost an obligation, to adorn the splendor of their age and country; and the influence of fashion very frequently supplied the want of taste or generosity. Among a crowd of these private benefactors, we may select Herodes Atticus, an Athenian citizen, who lived in the age of the Antonines. Whatever might be the motive of his conduct, his magnificence would have been worthy of the greatest kings.

Julius Atticus, his father, must have ended his life in poverty and contempt, had he not discovered an immense treasure buried under an old house, the last remains of his patrimony. According to the rigor of the law, the emperor might have asserted his claim, and the prudent Atticus prevented, by a frank confession, the officiousness of informers. But the equitable Nerva, who then filled the throne, refused to accept any part of it, and commanded him to use, without scruple, the present of fortune. The cautious Athenian still insisted, that the treasure was too considerable for a subject, and that he knew not how to *use it*. *Abuse it then*, replied the monarch, with good-natured peevishness; for it is your own. Many will be of opinion that Atticus literally obeyed the emperor's last instructions; since he expended the greatest part of his fortune, which was much increased by an advantageous marriage, in the service of the

public. He had obtained for his son Herod the prefecture of the free cities of Asia; and the young magistrate, observing that the town of Troas was indifferently supplied with water, obtained from the munificence of Hadrian three hundred myriads of drachms, (about a hundred thousand pounds,) for the construction of a new aqueduct. But in the execution of the work, the charge amounted to more than double the estimate, and the officers of the revenue began to murmur, till the generous Atticus silenced their complaints by requesting that he might be permitted to take upon himself the whole additional expense.

PONT DU GARD

ROUSSEAU

IT was the first work of the Romans which I had seen. I hoped to see a monument worthy of the hands that had raised it; and for the first time in my life my expectations were surpassed by the reality. It belonged only to the Romans to produce such an effect. The aspect of this simple and noble work struck me all the more that it was in the midst of a desert where the silence and solitude increased its effect. . . . I walked along the three stages of this superb construction, with a respect that made me almost shrink from treading on it. The echo of my footsteps under the immense arches made me think I could hear the strong voices of the men who had built it. I felt lost like an insect in the immensity of the work. I felt, along with the sense of my own littleness, something

nevertheless which seemed to elevate my soul; I said to myself with a sigh — ‘O that I had been born a Roman!’ I remained several hours in this rapture of contemplation. I came away from it in a kind of dream, and this reverie was not favourable to Mme. de Larnage [the latest of the numerous objects of Rousseau’s sentimental attachments]. She had been very careful to warn me against the attractions of the young women of Montepellier, but not against the Pont du Gard. One cannot think of everything.

FORUM OF TRAJAN

EDWARD GIBBON

IN the commonwealths of Athens and Rome, the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom; whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices designed to the public use; nor was this republican spirit totally extinguished by the introduction of wealth and monarchy. It was in works of national honor and benefit, that the most virtuous of the emperors affected to display their magnificence. The golden palace of Nero excited a just indignation, but the vast extent of ground which had been usurped by his selfish luxury was more nobly filled under the succeeding reigns by the Colosseum, the baths of Titus, the Claudian portico, and the temples dedicated to the goddess of Peace, and to the genius of Rome. These monuments of architecture, the property of the Roman people, were adorned with the most beauti-

ful productions of Grecian painting and sculpture; and in the temple of Peace, a very curious library was open to the curiosity of the learned. At a small distance from thence was situated the Forum of Trajan. It was surrounded by a lofty portico, in the form of a quadrangle, into which four triumphal arches opened a noble and spacious entrance; in the centre arose a column of marble, whose height, of one hundred and ten feet, denoted the elevation of the hill that had been cut away. This column, which still subsists in its ancient beauty, exhibited an exact representation of the Dacian victories of its founder. The veteran soldier contemplated the story of his own campaigns, and by an easy illusion of national vanity, the peaceful citizen associated himself to the honors of the triumph. All the other quarters of the capital, and all the provinces of the empire, were embellished by the same liberal spirit of public magnificence, and were filled with amphitheatres, theatres, temples, porticos, triumphal arches, baths, and aqueducts, all variously conducive to the health, the devotion, and the pleasures of the meanest citizen. The last mentioned of those edifices deserve our peculiar attention. The boldness of the enterprise, the solidity of the execution, and the uses to which they were subservient, rank the aqueducts among the noblest monuments of Roman genius and power. The aqueducts of the capital claim a just pre-eminence; but the curious traveller who, without the light of history, should examine those of Spoleto, of Metz, or of Segovia, would very naturally conclude that those provincial towns had formerly been the residence of some potent

monarch. The solitudes of Asia and Africa were once covered with flourishing cities, whose populousness, and even whose existence, was derived from such artificial supplies of a perennial stream of fresh water.

THE COLOSSEUM

REGINALD BLOMFIELD

IT is not only on account of their monumental quality that Roman buildings offer such invaluable lessons to the modern architect. Scarcely less remarkable is their exact adaptation of means to ends. The Imperial architects were not in the least oppressed by the burden of styles. The forms of architecture were so much clay in the hands of the potter to be moulded to the conditions of each new problem of building. The Colosseum is an example. This vast amphitheatre, measuring 620 feet long by 513 feet wide, with external walls rising 157 feet from the ground, was designed to meet the most intricate requirements, not only in regard to the housing of wild beasts, the storage of scenery, and all the complicated appliances necessary for the business of the arena. All these problems were met with a confident mastery, which can leave little doubt that the design of the exterior was intentional and not, as has been asserted, the result of decadent art. A good deal of false criticism has been spent on the exterior of the Colosseum. The mouldings are described as rudimentary, the capitals as barbaric, the proportions as bad and the design as wrong in principle. I confess that, to me, this criticism is meaningless; all

that it amounts to is that the Colosseum does not follow, in the details attacked, the mouldings, ornaments, and proportions of buildings erected elsewhere, and for other purposes which the critic selects as absolute standards. But there is no such thing as one absolute standard in architecture; no bed of Procrustes to which every building has to be strapped and strained. The enthusiasm of the sixteenth century for such buildings as the Colosseum is a safer guide. The men of that time found, as we may still find something admirable in the orders of columns stiffening up the outer wall, in the unbroken sweep of the entablature round the building, in the constantly changing forms of arcades and inter-columniations, as they vanish round the ellipse, and not least of all in the fine masonry and the austere restraint in ornament. There is such a thing as deliberate ugliness; or, rather, a great designer will deliberately forgo accepted forms of beauty in order to drive home other effects which are more important for his purpose. It seems to me certain that the designer of the Colosseum selected his proportions, his details, and his ornament, with the intention of giving full expression to the character and object of his building, of leaving no doubt in the spectator's mind of its strength and fitness for its purpose. The Colosseum shows the masculine intelligence of the Roman architecture in its highest development.

THE COLOSSEUM

EDWARD GIBBON

THE hunting or exhibition of wild beasts was conducted with a magnificence suitable to a people who styled themselves the masters of the world; nor was the edifice appropriated to that entertainment less expressive of Roman greatness. Posterity admires, and will long admire, the awful remains of the amphitheatre of Titus, which so well deserved the epithet of Colossal. It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth, founded on fourscore arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats of marble likewise, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease about fourscore thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were very aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages, and staircases were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted, which, in any respect, could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy,

occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the *arena*, or stage, was strewn with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep. In the decoration of these scenes the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read on various occasions that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber.

THE COLOSSEUM

GOETHE

OF the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception, without having seen it. All single objects are swallowed up by the great masses of light and shade, and nothing but grand and general outlines present themselves to the eye. For three days we have enjoyed to the full the brightest and most glorious of nights. Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Colosseum. At night it is always closed; a hermit dwells in a little shrine within its encircling walls, and beggars of all kinds nestle beneath its crumbling arches;

the latter had lit a fire on the arena, and a gentle wind bore down the smoke to the ground, so that the lower portion of the ruins was quite hid by it, while above the vast walls stood out in deeper darkness before the eye. As we stopped at the gate to contemplate the scene through the iron grill, the moon shone brightly in the heavens above. Presently the smoke found its way up the sides, and through every chink and opening, while the moon lit it up like a cloud. The sight was exceedingly glorious. In such a light one should also see the Pantheon, the Capitol, the Portico of St. Peter's, and the other grand streets and squares.

THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN

EDWARD GIBBON

THE palace of Diocletian covered an extent of ground consisting of between nine and ten English acres. The form was quadrangular, flanked with sixteen towers. Two of the sides were near six hundred, and the other two near seven hundred feet in length. The whole was constructed of a beautiful freestone, extracted from the neighboring quarries of Trau, or Tragutium, and very little inferior to marble itself. Four streets, intersecting each other at right angles, divided the several parts of this great edifice, and the approach to the principal apartment was from a very stately entrance, which is still denominated the Golden Gate. The approach was terminated by a *peristylum* of granite columns, on one side of which we discover the square temple of Aesculapius, on the other the

octagon temple of Jupiter. The latter of those deities Diocletian revered as the patron of his fortunes, the former as the protector of his health. By comparing the present remains with the precepts of Vitruvius, the several parts of the building, the baths, bed-chamber, the *atrium*, the *basilica*, and the Cyzicene, Corinthian, and Egyptian halls have been described with some degree of precision, or at least of probability. Their forms were various, their proportions just; but they all were attended with two imperfections, very repugnant to our modern notions of taste and conveniency. These stately rooms had neither windows nor chimneys. They were lighted from the top, (for the building seems to have consisted of no more than one story,) and they received their heat by the help of pipes that were conveyed along the walls. The range of principal apartments was protected towards the south-west by a portico five hundred and seventeen feet long, which must have formed a very noble and delightful walk, when the beauties of painting and sculpture were added to those of the prospect.

Had this magnificent edifice remained in a solitary country, it would have been exposed to the ravages of time; but it might, perhaps, have escaped the rapacious industry of man. The village of Aspalathus, and, long afterwards, the provincial town of Spalatro, have grown out of its ruins. The Golden Gate now opens into the market-place. St. John the Baptist has usurped the honors of Aesculapius; and the temple of Jupiter, under the protection of the Virgin, is converted into the cathedral church.

BASILICA OF ST. PETER
OLD ST. PETER'S

LORD BRYCE

ON Christmas Day, A.D. 800, Charles the Great heard mass in the Basilica of St. Peter. On the spot where now the gigantic dome of Bramante and Michael Angelo towers over the buildings of the modern city, the spot which tradition had hallowed as that of the Apostle's martyrdom, Constantine the Great had erected the oldest and state-liest temple of Christian Rome.

Nothing could be less like than was this basilica to those northern cathedrals, shadowy, fantastic, irregular, crowded with pillars, fringed all round by clustering shrines and chapels, which are to most of us the types of mediaeval architecture. In its plan and decorations, the spacious sunny hall, the roof plain as that of a Greek temple, the long row of Corinthian columns, the vivid mosaics on its walls, in its brightness, its sternness, its simplicity, it had preserved every feature of Roman art, and had remained a perfect expression of Roman character. Out of the transept, a flight of steps led up to the high altar underneath and just beyond the great arch, the arch of triumph as it was called: behind in the semicircular apse sat the clergy, rising tier above tier around its walls; in the midst, high above the rest, and looking down past the altar over the multitudes, was placed the bishop's throne.

THE FRENCH CATHEDRALS

AUGUSTE RODIN

ALL our France is in our cathedrals as all of Greece is in the Parthenon. Before I leave this world I want at least to have told my admiration for these marvels. I have been privileged to love them and to have tasted the best pleasures of my life in their presence. I want to celebrate these stones so tenderly wrought to beauty by humble and gifted artists; these mouldings modeled as lovingly as the lips of women; these spaces of beautiful shade, where gentleness sleeps in strength; these fine, powerful ribs which run to the vaulted roof and are bound into the intersection of a flower, these rose windows inspired by the setting sun.

A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

A GOTHIC cathedral is surely the most wonderful work which mortal man has yet achieved, so vast, so intricate, and so profoundly simple, with such strange, delightful recesses in its grand figure, so difficult to comprehend within one idea, and yet all so consonant that it ultimately draws the beholder and his universe into its harmony. It is the only thing in the world that is vast enough and rich enough.

THE MEDIÆVAL CATHEDRAL

WALTER THORNBURY

THIS monkish builder united under one roof his palace, his home, his shrine, his guest-house, his conclave, his library and his grave. The cathedral was the great temple of a whole province. Its painted windows were the poor man's illuminated books, its tombs his sculptured chronicles; its choral hymns were all that he knew of music, all that he could imagine of the voices of angels; its incense was that peasant's perfume, wafted to him like the breath of saints; its grotesques were almost all that he knew of mirth. Once a week, at least, he might live as kings lived, and share the pleasures of princes, and to his eyes its rich glass was flushed with the perpetual sunset of a vision. The sunbeams creeping over its wall were to him the golden shadows of descending spirits; and when the moon came, and silvered niche and pillar, it must have seemed to that rude, but not insensible churl like the glories of a good man's dream. The cathedral was the vassal's concert-hall, his picture gallery, his library, and his sculpture-room. It taught him through Art to love nature — and, through nature, to love God. It gratified every sense, and won each sense to religion, purifying and heightening every power. The monk knew that the boor was soonest taught through the eye, so to the eye he first directed his appeal.

GOTHIC PARIS

W. R. LETHABY

ABOUT the year 1000 the Eastern tradition, under the influence of Western energy, began to change into a new art which was to become the glorious Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

In the Middle Ages the mere getting through of life appears to have been made romantic: the people seem to have played at war romantically, to have traded artistically, and to have built fairy architecture.

There is indeed much in a habit of mind; it is impossible to say how much of the present is shaped, not by necessity, but by what Stevenson called 'commercial imagination,' the make-believing of politicians. 'Ah!' it is likely to be said, 'those of the Middle Ages equally looked back to a Golden Age long gone by'; but really it is hardly so. Indeed, so far as the outer world goes, everything written and wrought seems to show that these people rather liked being alive. Everywhere it is apparent that they knew they were having a good time.

If any history of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is ever attempted before the monuments are all restored out of existence, it should appear from the chronicles and romances that Art was not then the result of a blind instinct and accident; those people knew very well that they liked sunlight on white-washed walls, blue sky seen through traceried parapets, pinnacles appearing over trees,

the twinkling of gilt vanes, sharp arches, long aisles, bright windows, and stories which everywhere

*'In gold and azure over all
Depainted were upon the wall.'*

If a romance writer or illuminator wanted to describe or figure a castle of romance, he did not recall some mouldering ruin, but went and looked at the newest thing from which the scaffolding had hardly been struck. Thus in one romance a 'huge high' castle is said to have had so many towers, pinnacles, and chimneys, 'all chalk white,' that it seemed to be 'pared out of paper.'

Perhaps the most amusing city of English romance is that of Lydgate's *War of Troy*. Its marble walls were 200 cubits high, and at each corner a great crown of gold fretted with rich stones shone bright in the sunshine. Six gates of brass, in as many towers, and a vast number of turrets, surrounded the walls. On the tops of the turrets were raised up brass figures of savage beasts — bears, lions, tigers, boars, dragons, harts, elephants, unicorns, bulls, and griffins. The houses were ornamented by 'craft of masonry,' and covered with lead. The streets were paved chequerwise, white and red, and along them ran cloisters,

*'For men to walk together twain and twain,
To keep them dry when it happed to rain.'*

But how came this marvellous and universal beauty in things made? Is Art a wind that bloweth where it listeth, or is it subject to conditions? I find the central principle of the Middle Ages not in feudalism, not even in the Church, but in the

guild system. The Church itself was a guild which permitted no underselling or adulteration in its own sphere. The feudal system was practically the rule of the guild of land and war-lords, while the universities as is well known, were guilds of scholars. By means of their guilds the craftsmen, too, won a place, and built up and governed the free cities. So was good work understood. So the good workman was honoured.

The place taken by the craftsmen, and mediaeval art, are complementary phenomena. The misleading and, indeed, meaningless phrase, 'Gothic architecture,' should give way to some such term as Mason-craft or Guild-work.

Paris was the great and typical Gothic city — supreme in all, it was Canterbury, London, and Oxford in one; a royal and ecclesiastical capital, a university, and a great mart and city of craft. It was the centre of the mediaeval movement, which is best symbolized and summed up by the Lady Church standing at the middle point of the little island in the Seine, which was covered by the original Roman town.

Paris was by acclamation the most beautiful city of the Western World. A fourteenth century English author says: "What a rush of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world. On account of our love the days appeared too few, and we ever longed to remain there."

Old Paris has been best understood in the chapters inserted in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" — chapters written, as he says, to inspire the nation with a love for their national architecture. Hugo is one

of the dozen or two people who have ever really *seen* Gothic art, and his description rises to almost a shriek in its clear intensity of understanding.

FRENCH MEDIÆVAL ART DEMOCRATIC

VIOLLET-LE-DUC

IT is characteristic of periods favourable to the arts, that these have been developed universally during their continuance — dignifying the cottage of the peasant as well as the palace, the humble village church as well as the cathedral of the opulent city. A perfume of art exhales from the least pretentious Greek building as well as the most magnificent temple, and the small houses of Pompeii, built of tufa and brick, are as much works of art as the public buildings of that city. An age which considers art as only an affair of luxury — an appanage of the higher classes, or an envelope suited only to certain public edifices, — may be distinguished for good government, but it is certainly not civilized; and painful dissensions may be anticipated for it. Intellectual enjoyments, like material enjoyments, when confined to a privileged few, excite envy and anger. When but a few knew how to read, the ignorant multitude, when they succeeded in getting the upper hand, burned books with as much rage as they burned sumptuous chateaux in which the material luxuries of life were collected. Let reading become a universal acquirement, and books may be sure of remaining uninjured on the library shelves. To make art a thing of luxury, or to associate it exclusively with

wealth, is therefore very dangerous to art and to the few who enjoy it. It is then important to all to concede to art the claims it makes to universal predominance; to give it its place everywhere, to instill into the minds of all — of artists especially, — that in architecture art does not consist in the employment of costly marbles, or the accumulation of ornaments, but in distinction of form and the truthful expression of the requirements; for it costs no more to cut a moulding according to a judicious principle and a good design than to work it without regard to its position or the effect it should produce.

In the thirteenth century the art invented by the secular school was essentially democratic; it was universally diffused, and the villager might be as proud of his church, or the simple knight of his manor-house, as the citizen of his cathedral or the sovereign of his palace. It is not enough for the artist to admire the arts of the past; while to copy them is an admission of incapacity: he must comprehend and be penetrated by them, extract from them results applicable to the times in which he lives, and regard form only as the expression of an idea. Any form whose *raison d'être* cannot be explained, cannot be beautiful; and in architecture any form that is not suggested by the structure should be cast aside.

These principles, which I cannot regard as too restrictive, were rigorously observed by the French secular school, especially at the time when it began to be developed, — and their application is especially conspicuous in the simplest structures. Let us take as an example one of those small Bur-

gundian edifices, built of rubble-work, in which dressed stone is employed very sparingly; let us enter the church of Montréale, a village church. Here we find nothing superfluous; the architecture is simply the construction; the walls are of rubble-work, pillars only of dressed stone, and yet we find in this simple edifice an art full of elegance; the few mouldings are of an incomparable beauty, and executed with a perfection equal to that of Greek mouldings of the finest period. The sculpture, very scantily diffused, is boldly treated, and harmonizes with the simplicity of the building.

NOTRE DAME

VICTOR HUGO

SURELY the church of Our Lady at Paris is yet a majestic and sublime edifice. But noble an aspect as it has preserved in growing old, it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and of man have inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we always find a scar. *Tempus edax, homo edacior*, we would willingly render: Time is blind, but man is stupid.

If we had leisure to examine one by one, with the reader, the marks of destruction on this ancient church, the work of Time would be found to form the lesser part — the worst destruction has been perpetrated by men — especially by *men of art*.

And first of all — to cite only a few leading examples — there are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than the front of this cathedral, in which, successively and together, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate — harmonious parts of one magnificent whole — rising one above another in five gigantic stories — unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused — with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole — a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it — the colossal work of a man and of a nation — combining unity with complexity, like the *Iliads* and the *Romanceros* to which it is a sister production — the prodigious result of a draft upon the whole resources of an era — in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist, a source of human creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character — variety and eternity.

And what is here said of the front must be said of the whole church — and what we say of the cathedral church of Paris must be said of all the churches of Christendom in the Middle Ages. Everything is in its place in that art, self-created,

logical, and well-proportioned. By measuring the toe we estimate the giant.

But to return to the front of Notre Dame, as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, looking terrible, as its chroniclers express it — *quae mole sua terrorem incutit spectantibus*.

Three things of importance are now wanting to this front: first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground round about; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France, which filled the gallery on the first story, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, each holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless advance the level of the ground in the City. But while swallowing up, one after another the eleven steps which added to the majestic height of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, even more than he has taken away; for it is he who has spread over its face that dark gray tint of centuries which makes the old age of architectural monuments a season of beauty.

But who has thrown down the two ranges of statues? Who has left the niches empty? Who has cut, in the middle of the central portal, that new arch? The men, the architects, the artists of our times.

And — if we enter the interior of the edifice — who has overturned the colossal St. Christopher,

proverbial for his magnitude among statues, as the spire of Strasburg among steeples? And those myriads of statues which thronged all the intercolumniations of the nave and the choir — kneeling, standing, equestrian, men, women, children, kings, bishops, warriors, in stone, in marble, in gold, in silver, in brass, and even in wax, who has brutally swept them out? It is not Time that has done it.

And who has substituted for the old Gothic altar, splendidly loaded with shrines and reliquaries, that heavy sarcophagus of marble, with angels' heads and clouds? And who has put cold white glass in place of those deep-tintured panes which made the wandering eyes of our forefathers hesitate between the rose window above the west door and the pointed ones of the chancel?

And, then, if we climb to the roof of the cathedral — not to mention a thousand other barbarisms of every kind — what have they done with that charming little spire which rose from the intersection of the cross, higher into the sky than the towers — perforated, sharp, sonorous, airy? An architect *de bon gout* amputated it in 1787 and thought it was sufficient to hide the wound with that great plaster of lead which resembles the lid of a porridge-pot.

Thus it is that the wondrous art of the Middle Ages has been treated in almost every country, and especially in France. In its ruin three sorts of inroads are distinguishable, and have made breaches of different depths; first Time, which has gradually made deficiencies here and there, and has gnawed over its whole surface; then, religious and political

revolutions, which, blind and angry in their nature, have tumultuously wreaked their fury upon it, torn its rich garment of sculpture and carving, burst its rose-shaped windows, broken its bands of arabesques and miniature figures, torn down its statues, here for their mitre, there for their crown; and lastly, changes of fashion, growing more and more grotesque and stupid, have succeeded one another in the necessary decline of architecture. Fashion has done more mischief than revolutions. It has cut to the quick—it has attacked the very bone and framework of the art. It has mangled, dislocated, killed the edifice—in its form as well as in its meaning—in its consistency as well as in beauty. And then, it has remade—which at least neither Time nor revolutions have pretended to do. It has audaciously fitted into the wounds of Gothic architecture its wretched gewgaws of a day, its marble ribands, its metal pompons, a very leprosy of draperies, garlands and fringes, of stone flames, brazen clouds, fleshy Cupids, and fat cherubim.

Thus, to sum up the points which we have here laid down, three kinds of ravages now disfigure Gothic architecture: wrinkles and knobs on the surface—these are the work of Time: violence, brutalities, contusions, fractures, these are the work of revolutions, from Luther to Mirabeau: mutilations, amputations, dislocation of members, restorations, these are the labors, Grecian, Roman and barbaric, of the professors according to Vitruvius and Vignola. That magnificent art which the Vandals had produced, the academies have murdered. To the operations of ages and of revo-

lutions, which, at all events, devastate with impartiality and grandeur, have been added those of the school-trained architects, licensed and privileged. This is the kick of the ass at the expiring lion. 'Tis the old oak which, in the last stage of decay is stung and gnawed by caterpillars.

How remote is all this from the time when Robert Cenalis, comparing Notre Dame at Paris to the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, *so much vaunted by the ancient pagans*, thought the cathedral "more excellent in length, breadth, height and structure."

Notre Dame, however, as an architectural monument, is not one of those which can be called complete, definite, belonging to a class. It is not a Roman church, nor is it a Gothic church. It is not a model of any individual style. It has not, like the abbey of Tournus, the solemn and massive squareness, the round broad vault, the icy bareness, the majestic simplicity, of the edifices which have the circular arch for their basis. Nor is it, like the cathedral of Bourges, the magnificent, airy, multi-form, pinnacled, florid production of the pointed arch. It can not be ranked among that antique family of churches, gloomy, mysterious, lowering, crushed, as it were, by the weight of the circular arch — almost Egyptian, even to their ceilings — all sacerdotal, all symbolical — more abounding, in their ornaments, with lozenges and zigzags than with flowers — with flowers than with animals — with animals than with human figures — the work not so much of the architect as of the bishop — the first transformation of the art — all stamped with theocratical and military discipline — having its

root in the Lower Empire, and stopping at the time of William the Conqueror. Nor can this cathedral be ranked in that other family of lofty, airy churches, rich in sculpture and painted windows, of pointed forms and bold dispositions — as political symbols communal and citizen — as works of art, free, capricious, licentious — the second transformation of ecclesiastical architecture — no longer immutable, and sacerdotal, but artistical, progressive, and popular — beginning at the return from the crusades, and ending with Louis XI. Notre Dame, then, is not of purely Roman race like the former, nor of purely Arabic race like the latter.

It is an edifice of the transition period. The Saxon architect was just finishing off the first pillars of the nave, when the pointed arch came and seated itself as a conqueror upon the broad Roman capitals which had been designed to support only circular arches. The pointed arch, thenceforward master of the field, constructed the remainder of the building. However, tentative and timid at the beginning, we find it widening its compass, and, as it were, restraining itself, not yet daring to spring up into arrows and lancets as it afterward did in so many wonderful cathedrals. It may be said to have been sensible of the neighborhood of the heavy Roman pillars.

However, these edifices of the transition from the Roman to the Gothic express a gradation of art which would be lost without them. It is the pointed species engrafted upon the circular.

Notre Dame, in particular, is a curious specimen of this variety. Each face, each stone, of this venerable monument, is a page of history, not

only of the country, but of science and art. Thus, to point out a few of the principal details: while the small Porte-Rouge attains almost to the limits of the Gothic delicacy of the fifteenth century, the pillars of the nave, for their girth and severity go back almost as far as the Carolingian abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés. This central mother church is, among the other old churches of Paris, a sort of chimera; she has the head of one, the limbs of another, the back of a third — something of all.

We repeat, these compound fabrics are not the least interesting to the artist, the antiquary, and the historian. They make us feel in how great a degree architecture is a primitive matter — demonstrating (as the Cyclopean vestiges, the Egyptian pyramids, and the gigantic Hindoo pagodas likewise demonstrate) that the greatest productions of architecture are not so much the work of individuals as of society — the offspring rather of national efforts than of the conceptions of particular minds — a deposit left by a whole people — the accumulation of ages — the residue of the successive evaporations of human society — in short, a sort of formations. Each wave of time leaves its deposit — each race deposits its strata upon the monument — each individual contributes his stone. So do the beavers — so do the bees — so does man. The great symbol of architecture, Babel, is a hive.

Great edifices, like great mountains, are the work of ages. Often the art undergoes a transformation while they are yet pending, *pendent opera interrupta*, they go on again quietly, in accordance with the change. The new art takes up the fabric, incrusts it, assimilates it, developes it after its own

fashion, and finishes it if it can. The thing is accomplished without disturbance, without effort, without reaction, according to a law natural and tranquil. It is a graft that shoots out, a sap that circulates, a vegetation that goes forward. Certainly there is matter for very large volumes, and often for the universal history of human nature, in those successive engraftings of several species of art at different elevations upon the same fabric. The man, the artist, the individual, are lost and disappear in those great masses, leaving no name behind. Human intelligence is there to be traced only in its aggregate. Time is the architect, the nation is the builder.

To consider in this place only the architecture of Christian Europe, the younger sister of the great masonries of the East: it presents to us an immense formation, divided into three superincumbent zones, clearly defined; The Roman zone; the Gothic zone; and the zone of the Revival, which we would gladly call the Greco-Roman. The Roman stratum, the most ancient and the deepest, is occupied by the circular arch; which reappears rising from the Grecian column, in the modern and upper stratum, of the Revival. The pointed arch is found between the two. The edifices which belong to one or other of these three strata exclusively, are perfectly distinct, uniform, and complete. Such is the abbey of Jumièges; such is the cathedral of Rheims; such is the church of Sainte-Croix at Orleans. But the three zones mingle and combine at their borders, like the colors of the prism. And hence the complex fabrics—the edifices of gradation and transition. One is Roman in its feet, Gothic in the

middle, and Greco-Roman in the head. This is when it has taken six hundred years to build it. This variety is rare. But the fabrics of two formations are more frequent. Such is the Notre Dame of Paris, an edifice of the pointed arch, which, in its earliest pillars, dips into that Roman zone in which the portal of Saint-Denis and the nave of St. Germain-des-Prés are entirely immersed. However, all these gradations, all these differences, affect only the surface of the structures. It is only the art that has changed its coat — the conformation of the Christian temple itself has remained untouched. It is ever the same internal framework, the same logical disposition of parts. Whatever be the sculptured and decorated envelope of a cathedral, we constantly find underneath it at least the germ and rudiment of the Roman basilica. It eternally develops itself upon the ground according to the same law. There are invariably two naves crossing each other at right angles, the upper extremity of which cross is rounded into a chancel; there are constantly two low sides for the internal processions and for the chapels — a sort of lateral ambulatory communicating with the principal nave by the intercolumniations. This being once laid down, the number of the chapels, of the doorways, of the steeples, of the spires, is variable to infinity, according to the fancy of the age, of the nation, of the art. The performance of the worship being once provided for and ensured, architecture is at liberty to do what she pleases. Statues, painted glass, rose-shaped windows, arabesques, indentations, capitals, and bas-reliefs — all these objects of imagination she combines in such ar-

rangement as best suits her. Hence the prodigious external variety of these edifices, in the main structure of which dwells so much order and uniformity. The trunk of the tree is unchanging but the foliage renews itself.

CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES

WALTER PATER

LIKE a ship forever asail in the distance, thought the child, everywhere the great church of Chartres was visible, with the passing light or shadow upon its grey, weather-beaten surfaces. The people of La Beauce were proud, and would talk often of its rich store of sacred furniture. The busy fancy of Gaston, multiplying this chance hearsay, had set the whole interior in array — a dim, spacious, fragrant place, afloat with golden lights. Lit up over the autumn fields at evening, the distant spires suggested the splendour within, with so strong an imaginative effect, that he seemed scarcely to know whether it was through the mental or bodily eye that he beheld. When he came thither at last, like many another well-born youth, to join the episcopal household as a kind of half-clerical page, he found (as happens in the actual testing of our ideals) at once more and less than he had supposed; and his earlier vision was a thing he could never precisely recover, or disentangle from the supervening reality. What he *saw*, certainly, was greater far in mere physical proportion, and incommensurable at first by anything he knew, — the volume

of the wrought detail, the mass of the component members, the bigness of the actual stones of the masonry, contrary to the usual Gothic manner, and as if in reminiscence of those old Druidic piles amid which the Virgin of Chartres had been adored, long before the birth of Christ, by a mystic race, possessed of some prophetic sense of the grace in store for her. Through repeated dangers good fortune has saved that unrivalled treasure of stained glass; and then, as now, the word "awful," so often applied to Gothic aisles, was for once really applicable. You enter, looking perhaps for a few minutes' cool shelter from the summer noon-day; and the placid sunshine of La Beauce seems to have been transformed in a moment into imperious, angry fire.

It was not in summer, however, that Gaston first set foot there; he saw the beautiful city for the first time as if sheathed austere in repellent armour. In his most genial subsequent impressions of the place, there was always a lingering trace of that famous frost through which he made his way, wary of petrifying contact against things without, to the great western portal, on Candelmas morning. The sad, patient images by the doorways of the crowded church seemed suffering now chiefly from the cold. It was almost like a funeral — the penitential violet, the wandering taper-light of this half-lenten feast of Purification. His new companions, at the head and in the rear of the long procession, forced every one, even the Lord Bishop himself, to move apace, bustling along, cross-bearer and acolyte, in their odd little copes, out of the bitter air, which made the jolly life Gaston now

entered on, around the great fire of their hall in the episcopal palace, seem all the more winsome.

Notre-Dame de Chartres! It was a world to explore, as if one explored the entire Middle Age; it was also one unending, elaborate, religious function — a life, or a continuous drama, to take one's part in. Dependent on its structural completeness, on its wealth of well-preserved ornament, on its unity in variety, perhaps on some undefinable operation of genius, beyond, but concurrently with, all these, the church of Chartres has still the gift of a unique power of impressing. In comparison, the other famous churches of France, at Amiens for instance, at Rheims or Beauvais, may seem but formal, and to a large extent reproducible, effects of mere architectural rule on a gigantic scale.

CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS

WILLIAM MORRIS

NOT long ago I saw for the first time some of the churches of North France; still more recently I saw them for the second time; and, remembering the love I have for them and the longing that was in me to see them, during the time that came between the first and second visit, I thought I should like to tell people of some of those things I felt when I was there; — there among those mighty tombs of the long-dead ages.

And I thought that even if I could say nothing else about these grand churches, I could at least tell men how much I loved them; so that, though

they might laugh at me for my foolish and confused words, they might yet be moved to see what there was that made me speak my love, though I could give no reason for it.

For I will say here, that I think those same churches of North France the grandest, the most beautiful, the kindest and most loving of all the buildings that the earth has ever borne; and, thinking of their passed-away builders, can I see through them, very faintly, dimly, some little of the mediaeval times, else dead, and gone for ever.

And those same builders, still surely living, still real men and capable of receiving love, I love no less than the great men, poets and painters and such like, who are on earth now, no less than my breathing friends whom I can see looking kindly on me now. Ah! do I not love them with just cause, who certainly loved me, thinking of me sometimes between the strokes of their chisels; and for this love of all men that they had, and moreover, for the great love of God, which they certainly had too; for this, and for this work of theirs, the upraising of the great cathedral front with its beating heart of the thoughts of men, wrought into the leaves and flowers of the fair earth; wrought into the faces of good men and true, fighters against the wrong, of angels who upheld them, of God who rules all things; wrought through the lapse of years, and years, and years, by the dint of chisel, and stroke of hammer, into stories of life and death, the second life, the second death, stories of God's dealing in love and wrath with the nations of the earth, stories of the faith and love of men that dies not; for their love, and the deeds

through which it worked, I think they will not lose their reward.

So I will say what I can of their works, and I have to speak of Amiens first and how it seemed to me in the hot August weather.

I know how wonderful it would look, if you were to mount one of the steeples of the town, or were even to mount to the roof of one of the houses westward of the Cathedral; for it rises up from the ground, grey from the paving of the street, the cavernous porches of the west front opening wide, and marvellous with the shadows of the carving you can only guess at; and above stand the kings, and above that you would see the twined mystery of the great flamboyant rose window with its thousand openings, and the shadows of the flower-work carved round it, then the grey towers and gable, grey against the blue of the August sky, and behind them all, rising high into the quivering air, the tall spire over the crossing.

But from the hot Place Royale here with its stunted pollard acacias, and statue of some one, I know not whom, but some citizen of Amiens I suppose, you can see nothing of the graceful spire; it is of wood covered with lead, and was built quite at the end of the flamboyant times. Once it was gilt all over, and used to shine out there, getting duller and duller, as the bad years grew worse and worse; but the gold is all gone now; when it finally disappeared I know not, but perhaps it was in 1771, when the chapter got them the inside of their cathedral whitewashed from vaulting to pavement.

The spire was two octagonal stages above the

roof, formed of trefoiled arches, and slim buttresses capped by leaded figures; from these stages the sloping spire springs with crocketted ribs at the angles, the lead being arranged in a quaint herring-bone pattern; at the base of the spire too is a crown of open-work and figures, making a third stage; finally, near the top of the spire the crockets swell, till you come to the rose that holds the great spire-cross of metal-work, such metal-work as the French alone knew how to make; it is all beautiful, though so late.

From one of the streets leading out of the Place Royale you can see the cathedral, and as you come nearer you see that it is clear enough of houses or such like things; the great apse rises over you, with its belt of eastern chapels; first the long slim windows of these chapels, which are each of them little apses, the Lady Chapel projecting a good way beyond the rest, and then, running under the cornice of the chapels and outer aisles all round the church, a cornice of great noble leaves; then the parapets in changing flamboyant patterns, then the conical roofs of the chapels hiding the exterior tracery of the triforium, then the great clerestory windows, very long, of four lights, and stilted, the tracery beginning a long way below the springing of their arches; and the buttresses are so thick and their arms spread so here, that each of the clerestory windows looks down its own space between them, as if between walls; above the windows rise their canopies running through the parapet, and above all the great mountainous roof, and all below it, and around the windows and walls of the choir and apse, stand the mighty army of the buttresses,

holding up the weight of the stone roof within their strong arms for ever.

We go round under their shadows, past the sacristies, past the southern transept, only glancing just now at the sculpture there, past the chapels of the nave, and enter the church by the small door hard by the west front, with that figure of huge St. Christopher quite close over our heads; thereby we enter the church, as I said, and are in its western bay. I think I felt inclined to shout when I first entered Amiens cathedral; it is so free and vast and noble, I did not feel in the least awestruck, or humbled by its size and grandeur. I have not often felt thus when looking on architecture, but have felt, at all events, at first, intense exultation at the beauty of it; that, and a certain kind of satisfaction in looking on the geometrical tracery of the windows, on the sweeping of the huge arches, were, I think, my first feelings in Amiens cathedral.

We go down the nave, glancing the while at the traceried windows of the chapels, which are later than the windows above them; we come to the transepts, and from either side the stained glass, in their huge windows, burns out on us; and, then, first we begin to appreciate somewhat the scale of the church, by looking up, along the ropes hanging from the vaulting to the pavement, for the tolling of the bells in the spire.

Up into the triforium, and other galleries, sometimes in the church, sometimes in narrow passages of close-fitting stone, sometimes out in the open air; up into the forest of beams between the slates and the real stone roof; one can look down through

a hole in the vaulting and see the people walking and praying on the pavement below, looking very small from that height, and strangely foreshortened. A strange sense of oppression came over me at the time, when, as we were in one of the galleries of the west front, we looked into the church, and found the vaulting but a foot or two (or it seemed so) above our heads; also, while I was in the galleries, now out of the church, now in it, the canons had begun to sing complines, and the sound of their singing floated dimly up the winding staircases and half-shut doors.

The sun was setting when we were in the roof, and a beam of it, striking through the small window up in the gable, fell in blood-red spots on the beams of the great dim roof. We came out from the roof on to the parapet in the blaze of the sun, and then going to the crossing, mounted as high as we could into the spire, and stood there a while looking down on the beautiful country, with its many water-meadows, and feathering trees.

And now, farewell to the church that I love, to the carved temple-mountain that rises so high above the water-meadows of the Somme, above the grey roofs of the good town. Farewell to the sweep of the arches, up from the bronze bishops lying at the west end, up the belt of solemn windows, where, through the painted glass, the light comes solemnly. Farewell to the cavernous porches of the west front, so grey under the fading August sun, grey with the wind-storms, grey with the rain-storms, grey with the beat of many days' sun, from sunlight to sunset; showing white sometimes, too, when the sun strikes it strongly; snowy-

white, sometimes, when the moon is on it, and the shadows growing blacker; but grey now, fretted into deeper grey, fretted into black by the mitres of the bishops, by the solemn covered heads of the prophets, by the company of the risen, and the long robes of the judgment-angels, by hell-mouth and its flames gaping there, and the devils that feed it; by the saved souls and the crowning angels; by the presence of the Judge, and by the roses growing above them all forever.

Farewell to the spire, gilt all over with gold once, and shining out there, very gloriously; dull and grey now, alas; but still it catches, through its interlacement of arches, the intensest blue of the blue summer sky; and, sometimes at night you may see the stars shining through it.

It is fair still, though the gold is gone, the spire that seems to rock, when across it, in the wild February nights, the clouds go westward.

CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS

WALTER PATER

THE greatest and purest of Gothic churches, Notre-Dame d'Amiens, illustrates, by its fine qualities, a characteristic secular movement of the beginning of the thirteenth century. Philosophic writers of French history have explained how, in that and in the two preceding centuries, a great number of the more important towns in eastern and northern France rose against the feudal establishment, and developed severally the local and municipal life of the commune. To guarantee their independence therein they obtained charters from

their formal superiors. The Charter of Amiens served as the model for many other communes. Notre-Dame d'Amiens is the church of a commune. In that century of Saint Francis, of Saint Louis, they were still religious. But over against monastic interests, as identified with a central authority — king, emperor, or pope — they pushed forward the local, and, so to call it, secular authority of their bishops, the flower of the "secular clergy" in all its mundane astuteness, ready enough to make their way as the natural protectors of such townships. The people of Amiens for instance, under a powerful episcopal patron, invested their civic pride in a vast cathedral, outrivalling neighbours, as being in effect their parochial church, and promoted there the new, revolutionary, Gothic manner, at the expense of the derivative and traditional, Roman or Romanesque, style, the imperial style, of the great monastic churches.

Hence the splendour, the space, the novelty, of the great French cathedrals in the first Pointed style, monuments for the most part of the artistic genius of laymen, significant pre-eminently of that Queen of Gothic churches at Amiens. In most cases those early Pointed churches are entangled, here or there, by the constructions of the old round-arched style, the heavy Norman or other, Romanesque chapel or aisle, side by side, though in strong contrast with, the soaring new Gothic of nave or transept. But of that older manner of the round arch Amiens has nowhere, or almost nowhere, a trace. The Pointed style, fully pronounced, but in all the purity of its first period, found here its completest expression. And while those venerable,

Romanesque, profoundly characteristic, monastic churches, the gregarious product of long centuries, are for the most part anonymous, as if to illustrate from the first a certain personal tendency which came in with the Gothic manner, we know the name of the architect under whom, in the year A.D. 1220, the building of the church of Amiens began — a layman, Robert de Luzarches.

Light and space — floods of light, space for a vast congregation, for all the people of Amiens, for their movements, with something like the height and width of heaven itself enclosed above them to breathe in; — you see at a glance that this is what the ingenuity of the Pointed method of building has here secured. For breadth, for the easy flow of processional torrent, there is nothing like the “ambulatory,” the aisle of the choir and transepts. And the entire area is on one level. There are here no flights of steps upward, as at Canterbury; no descending to dark crypts, as in so many Italian churches, — a few low, broad steps to gain the choir, two or three to the high altar. To a large extent the old pavement remains, though almost worn out by the footsteps of centuries. Priceless, though not composed of precious material, it gains its effect by ingenuity and variety in the patterning, zig-zags, chequers, mazes, revealing respectively, in white and grey, in great square, alternate spaces — the original floor of a mediæval church for once untouched.

Strange as it may seem, in this “queen” of Gothic churches, there is nothing of mystery in the vision, which yet surprises, over and over again the eye of the visitor who enters at the western

doorway. From the flagstone at one's foot to the distant keystone of the chevet, noblest of its species — reminding you of how many largely graceful things, sails of a ship in the wind, and the like! — at one view the whole is visible, intelligible; — the integrity of the first design; how later additions affixed themselves thereto; how the rich ornament gathered upon it; the increasing richness of the choir; the realms of light which expand in the chapels beyond; the astonishing boldness of the vault, the astonishing lightness of what keeps it above one; the unity, yet the variety of perspective. There is no mystery here, and indeed no repose. Like the age which projected it, like the impulsive communal movement which was here its motive, the Pointed style at Amiens is full of excitement. Go, for repose, to classic work, with the simple vertical law of pressure downwards. Here, rather, you are conscious restlessly of that sustained equilibrium of oblique pressure on all sides, which is the essence of the hazardous Gothic construction, a construction of which the "flying buttress" is the most significant feature. Across the clear glass of great windows of the triforium you see it, feel it, at its Atlas-work audaciously. "A pleasant thing it is to behold the sun" those first Gothic builders would seem to have said to themselves; and at Amiens, for instance, the walls have disappeared; the entire building is composed of its windows. Those who built it might have had for their one and only purpose to enclose as large a space as possible with the given material.

No; the peculiar Gothic buttress, with its double, triple, fourfold flights, while it makes such marvels

possible, securing light and space and graceful effect, relieving the pillars within of their massiveness, is not a restful architectural feature. Consolidation of matter naturally on the move, security for settlement in a very complex system of construction — that is avowedly a part of the Gothic situation, the Gothic problem. For the mere *melody* of Greek architecture, for the sense as it were of music in the opposition of successive sounds, you got *harmony*, the richer music generated by opposition of sounds in one and the same moment; and were gainers. And then in contrast with the classic manner, the vast complexity of the Gothic style seemed, as if consciously, to correspond to the richness, the expressiveness the thousandfold influence of the Catholic religion, in the thirteenth century still in natural movement in every direction. The later Gothic of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries tended to conceal, as it now took for granted, the structural use of the buttress, for example; seemed to turn it into a mere occasion for ornament, not always pleasantly: — while the ornament was out of place, the structure failed. Such falsity is far enough away from what at Amiens is really of the thirteenth century. In this pre-eminently “secular” church, the execution, in all the defiance of its method, is direct, frank, clearly apparent, with the result not only of reassuring the intelligence, but of keeping one’s curiosity also continually on the alert, as we linger in these restless aisles.

The best stained glass is often that stained by weather, by centuries of weather, and we may well be grateful for the amazing cheerfulness of the interior of Amiens, as we actually find it. Windows

of the richest remain, indeed, in the apsidal chapels; and the rose-windows of the transept are known, from the prevailing tones of their stained glass, as Fire and Water, the western rose symbolizing in like manner Earth and Air, as respectively green and blue. But there is no reason to suppose that the interior was ever so darkened as to prevent one's seeing, really and clearly, the dainty ornament, which from the first abounded here; the floriated architectural detail; the broad band of flowers and foliage, thick and deep and purely sculptured, above the arches of nave and choir and transepts.

The builders of the church seem to have projected no very noticeable towers; though it is conventional to regret their absence, especially with visitors from England, where indeed cathedral and other towers are apt to be good, and really make their mark. Robert de Luzarches and his successors aimed rather at the domical outline, with its central point at the centre of the church, the spire. The existing spire is a wonderful mass of carpentry of the beginning of the sixteenth century, at which time the lead that carefully wraps every part of it was heavily gilt. The great western towers are lost in the west front, the grandest, perhaps the earliest, examples of its species — three profound, sculptured portals; a double gallery above, the upper gallery carrying colossal images of twenty-two kings of the House of Judah; then the great rose; above it the ringers' gallery, half masking the gable of the nave, and uniting at their topmost storeys the twin, but not exactly equal or similar, towers, oddly oblong in plan, as if never intended to carry pyramids or spires.

GREEK AND GOTHIC ORNAMENT COMPARED

WALTER CRANE

THERE are, apparently, two theories of decoration in buildings; one might be termed the *organic* theory, in which the decoration is an essential and integral part of the structure, to which it gives final expression; and the other, the *inorganic* theory, in which decoration is considered merely as so much superadded or surface ornament, and often not so much to emphasize as to conceal structure, or to furnish a mask for it.

In the Greek (Doric) temple, perhaps the prototype of the Greek house, following in stone the tradition of primitive wooden structure, certain spaces naturally occurred — such as the spaces between the angle of the pediment and the horizontal lintel, and between the triglyphs or beam ends, and these spaces were appropriately filled with sculptured slabs which served at once the structural function of closing the apertures and enriching and relieving the building with expressive sculpture.

With the development of Gothic architecture, sculptured decoration (as indeed decoration of all kinds) became more and more important, while still strictly organic, being used to emphasize structural necessities such as the ribs and functions of interior vaults, the caps of the clustered shafts, the tracery of windows, as well as the spandrils of arches, corbels, arcades, canopies, pinnacles, parapets, stringcourses, gargoyles and recessed and

canopied tombs built into the interior walls of churches.

One cannot separate the decorative features of a Gothic building from its structure. It is an organic part of it, as the leaves and flowers are of a tree.

The sculpture of a Doric temple is also organic, as we have seen, though on a different principle, the ornamental emphasis being on the *interstices* of the structure rather than on the constructive features themselves, as in the Gothic.

ORVIETO CATHEDRAL

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

IN the very heart of Italy, midway between Rome and Florence, in the recesses of the Apennines, lies Orvieto, a city of the Middle Ages, — though its name, said to be a corruption of *Urbs Vetus*, tells of an ancient and forgotten origin. It was never very large, never held great power, never played an important part in the drama of Italian politics, — but the arts of two centuries concentrated themselves within its walls to produce a single splendid and complete work, and its Cathedral has long given glory to Orvieto and still renders it one of the chief cities of pilgrimage in Italy.

Leaving the main road between Rome and Siena the way turns north-eastward through the low and desolate hills that lie above the gloomy lake of Bolsena. A slow ascent leads up to a high and bare table-land, over which the March winds, coming out from the hollows of the mountains,

sweep fiercely. The plateau suddenly breaks upon a precipitous declivity, and Orvieto, till that moment unseen, appears crowning a rocky height which rises solitary and abrupt from a deep valley. So narrow is the valley, that, from the point where the plateau breaks, the city seems almost within musket-shot. But the perfect isolation of the mountain upon which it stands, no spur or ridge connecting it with those that lie nearest to it, makes the approach to the city slow and difficult, and gives to it a peculiar and striking character of inaccessibility. The truncated oval cone of an extinct volcano, the height lifts itself with almost perpendicular sides for more than seven hundred feet, rising from the valley like a solitary islet of rock. Storms have washed bare its upper steeps, and have heaped up their crumbling *débris* upon the plain below, forming a broad buttress and embankment of stone and earth around its base. The city with its gray walls set upon the topmost edge of the scarped reddish cliff, with the towers of its churches and the gables and pinnacles of its Cathedral showing clear against the sky, and shining with various color in the sunlight, looks like a bas-relief cut on the smooth face of the rock. Near behind it, half encircling it, lies an uneven range of brown and purple mountains, as if to shut it out from the world in a seclusion of its own. The lower slopes of the height are rich with vineyards, farms, and wide-spread convents set deep in trees. The little Paglia winds through the green valley on its way to the Tiber, and vanishes among the hills. Before the invention of artillery, a city set on such a hill was impregnable by assault, and for

many centuries Orvieto was a city of refuge for Popes driven out from Rome by its turbulent citizens, or flying at the approach of some foreign enemy.

No city in Italy boasts a more perfect monument of the past munificence and spirit of its people. The seclusion and the decay of Orvieto have been the protection of its Duomo, — they have preserved it from the rifling of invaders, and from the defacing processes of restorers. Few buildings of the Middle Ages retain so completely the character of their original design, few afford so full a record of the lives and works of their early builders.

With the exception of the Cathedral of Siena, there is no church in Italy in which the Italian Gothic appears in freer development of beauty than in this. Architecture, sculpture and painting, as represented by mosaic combined their powers and lavished their wealth in the construction of its three-gabled front. The main lines of construction are, indeed, somewhat meagre, and the flat surfaces of the front fail to produce those grand effects of deep shadow which belong to the carved recesses and deep-sunk portals of Northern cathedrals; but these defects are compensated by the rich sculpture of its marble piers, by the gold and azure of its pictured gables, and by the host of guardian busts and statues around its central rose-window. It seems like the illuminated page of a marble missal, — the adorned initial letter set at the entrance of the great volume written in stone. As the sunlight falls on the gleaming front, — its glowing colors harmonized by the slow artistic processes of time, — it presents

a character of beauty unknown to the more sombre Gothic of the North. Nor is the interior of the church unsuitable to its external richness, though the splendour of the outside is tempered within to an impressive solemnity. The tall, banded marble columns of the nave, the long procession of statues of apostles at their feet, the frescoes on the walls of choir and chapels, the elaborate carvings of wood and gratings of iron, the mingling of patience, labor, and art in every portion of the work, not only give proof of the fervent spirit of the builders of the Cathedral, but suggest many a devout memory and sacred association.

The erection of such a building is no solitary and exceptional fact in the history of the community by whom it was accomplished. It is an illustration of the general spirit of their life, of its strongest faith, its deepest emotions, its most persistent impulses. The building of cathedrals is, in truth, one of the main features of the social history of Europe during the Middle Ages. In England, in Spain, in France, in the Low Countries, in Germany, in Italy, in Sicily, these magnificent monuments of genius and devotion rose in rapid succession during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. By a great impulse of popular energy, by a long combination of popular effort with trained skill, cathedrals, each requiring almost the revenues of a kingdom for its construction, sprang up from the soil in the hearts of scores of rival cities. There have been no works of architecture in later times comparable with them in grandeur of design, in elaborateness of detail, in that broad unity of conception which, while leaving the largest scope for the play of fancy

and the exercise of special ability by every workman, subordinated the multifarious differences of parts into one harmonious whole. The true cathedral architecture partook of the qualities which Nature displays in her noblest works, — out of infinite varieties of generally resembling, but intrinsically differing parts, creating a perfect and concordant result.

But the period during which the great cathedrals were built was comparatively short. After the fourteenth century, the practice of cathedral architecture of the old kind fell into desuetude. The rules of Vitruvius were studied as the only rules of desirable and excellent building. The original works of the time between the fall of the Roman Empire and the irruption of Roman literature were esteemed barbarous and unworthy of admiration. Architecture was henceforth to be imitative. It is a curious fact, that at Rome itself there is not one truly Gothic church. Whatever may be the architectural merit of St. Peter's, it is not to be compared, in originality of conception or in thoughtfulness of detail, with any of the great Gothic buildings. It belongs to the architecture of the intellect, — not to that of the imagination.

The best Gothic architecture, indeed, wherever it may be found, affords evidence that the men who executed it were moved by a true fervor of religious faith. In building a church, they did not forget that it was to be the house of God. No portion of their building was too minute, no portion too obscure, to be perfected with thorough and careful labor. The work was not let out by contract, or taken up as a profitable job. The

architect of a cathedral might live all his life within the shadow of its rising walls and die no richer than when he gave the sketch; but he was well repaid by the delight of seeing his design grow from an imagination to a reality, and by spending his days in the accepted service of the Lord.

For the building of a cathedral, however, there needs not only a spirit of religious zeal among the workmen, but a faith no less ardent among the people for whom the church is designed. The enormous expense of construction, an expense which for generations must be continued without intermission, is not to be met except by liberal and willing general contributions.

Cathedrals were essentially expressions of the popular will and the popular faith. They were the work neither of ecclesiastics nor of feudal barons. They represent, in a measure the decline of feudalism, and the prevalence of the democratic element in society. No sooner did a city achieve its freedom than its people began to take thought for a cathedral. Of all the arts, architecture is the most quickly responsive to the instincts and the desires of a people. And in the cathedrals, the popular beliefs, hopes, fears, fancies, and aspirations found expression, and were perpetuated in a language intelligible to all. The life of the Middle Ages is recorded on their walls. When the democratic element was subdued, as in Cologne by a Prince Bishop, or in Milan by a succession of tyrants, the cathedral was left unfinished. When, in the fifteenth century, all over Europe, the turbulent, but energetic liberties of the people were suppressed, the building of cathedrals ceased.

The first document that has been found relating to the proposed building of Orvieto bears date the 22nd day of June, 1284, and in this the project "of erecting a new and honorable church in honor of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary" is spoken of as one that has been for a long time entertained.

Lorenzo Maitani of Siena had given the design for the church, and had been appointed the chief architect.

The list of contributions to the building during the first year gives a curious glimpse of the character of the times, and of the means used for the execution of such a work. It begins thus:—

"Orvieto paid fifteen pounds of wax, two (silver) marks, and cloth of the value of eight gold pieces." The town of Clusium, more liberal than Orvieto itself, sent thirty pounds of wax, two marks, four horses, and five hundred loads of grain. Little Montepulciano even, from the small resources of her vinegrowing hill, sent fifteen pounds of wax, two marks, and two horses. The abbey Sancti Salvatoris made a liberal offering. Aquapendente, San Lorenzo, Bolsena, which appears on the list as Volsinium, recalling its ancient fame, Radicofani, and many other towns near and far, gave contributions according to their zeal or means. The Lord of Farnese, Count Guido of Santa Flora, the Lord of the Sons of the Bear (Orsini) of Mugnano, and numerous feudal barons beside, gave horses, wax, and grain to the new church. Altogether, the contributions recorded for this year from towns and barons amount to 731 pounds of wax, 24 marks, 29 horses, 3,858 loads of grain, and bravia worth 84 gold pieces. Nor does this list include the

numerous minor offerings of pilgrims and citizens to the treasury of the works. The gifts of horses must have been of especial value, from the fact that the materials for building were all to be brought from a distance, and to be carried up the difficult ascent to the very crest of the mountain of Orvieto. The labor of transportation added vastly to the costliness of the edifice, but the spirit in which it was undertaken was sufficient to overcome whatever obstacles opposed themselves to its progress.

Besides the masters and men at work at Orvieto, many others were distributed in various parts of Italy, employed in obtaining materials, and especially in quarrying and cutting marble for the Cathedral. Black marble was got from the quarries near Siena, alabaster from Sant'Antimo, near Radicofani and white marble from the mountains of Carrara. But the supply of the richest and rarest marbles came from Rome, the ruins of whose ancient magnificence afforded ample stores of costliest material to the builders not only of the Papal city itself, but of Naples, of Orvieto, and many another Italian town. The Greek statuary marble, which had once formed part of some ancient temple, was transferred to the hands of the new sculptors, to be worked into forms far different in character and in execution from those of Grecian Art. The accumulated riches of Pagan Rome were distributed for the adornment of Christian churches. To destroy the remains of Paganism was regarded as a scarcely less acceptable service than to erect new buildings for Christian worship.

Trains of wagons, loaded with material for the Cathedral, made their slow progress toward the

city from the north and the south, from the shores of the Adriatic and of the Mediterranean. The heavy carts which had creaked under their burdens along the solitudes of the Campagna or the Maremma, which had toiled up the forest-covered heights that overhang Viterbo, through the wild passes of Monte Cimino, or whose shouting teamsters had held back their straining buffaloes down the bare sides of the mountains of Radicofani, arrived in unending succession in the valley of the Paglia. The worst part of the way, however, still lay before them in the steep ascent to the uplifted city. But here the zeal of voluntary labor came in to lighten the work of the tugging buffaloes. Bands of citizens enrolled themselves to drag carts up the rise of the mountain, — and on feast days the people of the neighboring towns flocked in to take their share in the work, and to gain the indulgence offered to those who should give a helping hand. We may imagine these processions of laborers in the service of the house of the Lord advancing to the sound of the singing of hymns or the chanting of penitential psalms; but of these scenes no formal description has been left. The enthusiasm which was displayed was of the same order as that which, a century before, had been shown at the building of the magnificent Cathedral of Chartres, but probably less intense in its expression, owing to the change in the spirit of the times. Then men and women, sometimes to the number of a thousand, of all ranks and conditions harnessed themselves to the wagons loaded with materials for building, or with supplies for the workmen. No one was admitted into the company who did

not first make confession of his sins, "and lay down at the foot of the altar all hatred and anger." As cart after cart was dragged in by its band of devotees, it was set in its place in a circle of wagons around the church. Candles were lighted upon them all, as upon so many altars. At night the people watched, singing hymns and songs of praise, or inflicting discipline upon themselves, with prayers for the forgiveness of their sins.

The genius and comprehensive ability of Maitani had been displayed, not only in the original plan of the building and in a general oversight of its construction, but also in his practical acquaintance with the processes of various subsidiary arts, and in the superintendence and combination of the labor of the parties of workmen scattered over the country. The Cathedral was moulded in all its portions by his hands, and upon him, in great measure, its steady progress had depended. In the year 1330, after forty years devoted to its service, he died. He had lived long enough to see his great design complete in all its main features, and rivalling in its splendid adornments the finest churches of Italy. Rare fortune for an artist, to embody his life and imagination in one work, and to live to see his work accomplished.

*GIOTTO'S TOWER — THE CAMPANILE
OF FLORENCE*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE campanile, or bell-tower, stands within a few paces of the Cathedral, but entirely disconnected from it, rising to a height of nearly three hundred feet, a square tower of light marbles, now discolored by time. It is impossible to give an idea of the richness of effect produced by its elaborate finish; the whole surface of the four sides, from top to bottom, being decorated with all manner of statuesque and architectural sculpture. It is like a toy of ivory, which some ingenious and pious monk might have spent his lifetime in adorning with scriptural designs and figures of saints; and when it was finished, seeing it so beautiful, he prayed that it might be miraculously magnified from the size of one foot to that of three hundred.

This idea somewhat satisfies me, as conveying an impression how gigantesque the campanile is in its mass and height, and how minute and varied in its detail. Surely these mediaeval works have an advantage over the classic. They combine the telescope and the microscope.

*GIOTTO'S TOWER — THE CAMPANILE
OF FLORENCE*

JOHN RUSKIN

CONSIDERABLE size, exhibited by simple terminal lines. Projection towards the top. Breadth of flat surface. Square compartments of that surface. Varied and visible masonry. Vigorous depth of shadow exhibited especially by pierced traceries. Varied proportion in ascent. Lateral symmetry. Sculpture most delicate at the base. Enriched quantity of ornament at the top. Sculpture abstract in inferior ornaments and mouldings, complete in animal forms. Both to be executed in white marble. Vivid colour introduced in flat geometrical patterns and obtained by the use of naturally colored stone.

These characteristics occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in another. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto at Florence. The drawing of the tracery of its upper story, which heads this chapter, rude as it is, will nevertheless give the reader some better conception of that tower's magnificence than the thin outlines in which it is usually portrayed. In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over severity with over minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all consummate art. I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth

and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nest in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the Eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell. And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the Wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the place which he has gladdened by planting there the fir tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence but among the far away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above the towers of watch and war. Remember all that

he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labors, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon this His servant no common nor restrained portion of His Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's: "I took thee from the sheepcote, and from following the sheep."

PISA

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

THERE are few buildings in the world so complete in their effect, so impressive at first sight, and of such increasing interest upon longer acquaintance, as the Duomo group at Pisa. Forsyth has expressed a portion of their peculiar charm, when he speaks of them as "fortunate alike in their society and their solitude." Pisa has an air of repose but not the air of decay which is usually associated with it in Italian cities. It is at once quiet and cheerful, and in its most retired part, close to the battlemented wall, remote from bustle, but not secluded from approach, stand the Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower. To their original beauties time has added those which come only with age, softening and harmonizing all that was rough and incongruous, and giving to their white marble a hue which can be described only as that of marble interfused with

the yellow rays of sunshine, and, while adding these beauties, has accumulated with them all the charms of Art and of association. The contrast between the color of the buildings and the blue sky is beautiful; and the slanting shadows, thrown by a clear afternoon sun from the seven circles of the pillars of the Tower, from the pillared stories of the front of the Duomo, and from the exquisite tracery of the arches of the Campo Santo, produce effects which show how Nature delights to adorn and embellish the well-executed works of man.

There is one other scene in Pisa of such great beauty that it deserves to be remembered even with the cathedral buildings. It is the Lung' Arno at sunset. The sun goes down behind the Ponte a Mare and the Torre Guelfa. The heavy, irregular arches of the bridge, and the tall, square mass of the tower, stand out against the red sky, and are reflected in the rapid water. On the southern bank stands the little gem-like chapel of Spina, — its white marble pinnacles, crockets, and finials catching something of the sunset glow. On the other bank is the line of houses and palaces. To the north and east, miles away, the mountains rise blue above the city, their snow-tipped summits tinged with a golden rose-color. And

*“On the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and forever
It trembles, and it does not pass away.”*

ST. MARK'S

JOHN RUSKIN

WE find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide, where it is widest — full of people and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen. Overhead an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters and iron balconies, and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall, from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors — intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door, the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen, left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air. The light, in all cases, entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. We will push through into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the Bocca di Piazza, and then we forget them all; for between these pillars there opens a great light, and in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower

of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones, and on each side the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us, in the dark alley, had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away — a multitude of pillars and white domes clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother of pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory — sculpture fantastic and involved of palm-leaves and of lilies and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and in the midst of it the solemn form of angels, sceptered, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated

stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss" — the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and, above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life — angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers — a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

WELLS CATHEDRAL

HENRY JAMES

THE pleasantest things in life, and perhaps the rarest, are its agreeable surprises. Things are often worse than we expect to find them; and

when they are better, we may mark the day with a white stone. These reflections are as pertinent to man as a tourist as to any other phase of his destiny, and I recently had occasion to make them in the ancient city of Wells. I knew in a general way that it had a great cathedral to show, but I was far from suspecting the precious picturesqueness of the little town. The immense predominance of the Minster towers, as you see them from the approaching train over the clustered houses at their feet, give you indeed an intimation of it, and suggests that the city is nothing if not ecclesiastical; but I can wish the traveller no better fortune than to stroll forth in the early evening with as large a reserve of ignorance as my own, and treat himself to an hour of discoveries. I was lodged on the edge of Cathedral Green, and I had only to pass beneath one of the three crumbling Priory gates which enclose it, and cross the vast grassy oval, to stand before a minster-front which ranks among the first three or four in England. Wells Cathedral is extremely fortunate in being approached by this wide green level, on which the spectator may loiter and stroll to and fro, and shift his stand-point to his heart's content. The spectator who does not hesitate to avail himself of his privilege of unlimited fastidiousness might indeed pronounce it too isolated for perfect picturesqueness, — too uncontrasted with the profane architecture of the human homes for which it pleads to the skies. But, in fact, Wells is not a city with a cathedral for a central feature; but a cathedral with a little city gathered at its base, and forming hardly more than an extension of its spacious close.

You feel everywhere the presence of the beautiful church; the place seems always to savor of a Sunday afternoon; and you fancy that every house is tenanted by a canon, a prebendary, or a precentor.

The great façade is remarkable not so much for its expanse as for its elaborate elegance. It consists of two great truncated towers, divided by a broad centre, bearing beside its rich fretwork of statues three narrow lancet windows. The statues of this vast front are the great boast of the cathedral. They number, with the lateral figures of the towers, no less than three hundred; it seems densely embroidered by the chisel. They are disposed in successive niches, along six main vertical shafts; the central windows are framed and divided by narrower shafts, and the wall above them rises into a pinnacled screen, traversed by two superb horizontal rows. Add to these a close-running cornice of images along the line corresponding with the summit of the aisles, and the tiers which complete the decoration of the towers on either side, and you have an immense system of images, governed by a quaint theological order and most impressive in its completeness. Many of the little high-lodged effigies are mutilated, and not a few of the niches are empty, but the injury of time is not sufficient to diminish the noble serenity of the building. The main beauty of Wells Cathedral, to my mind, is not its more or less visible wealth of detail, but its singular charming tone of color. And even, sober, mouse-colored gray, covers it from summit to base, deepening nowhere to the melancholy black of your truly romantic Gothic,

but showing, as yet, none of the spotty brightness of "restoration." It was a wonderful fact, that the great towers, from their lofty outlook, see never a factory chimney, — those cloud compelling spires which so often break the charm of the softest English horizons; and the general atmosphere of Wells seemed to me, for some reason, peculiarly luminous and sweet. The cathedral has never been discolored by the moral malaria of a city with an independent secular life. As you turn your back from its portal and glance at the open lawn before it, edged by the mild gray Elizabethan deanery, and the other dwellings, hardly less stately, which seem to reflect in their comfortable fronts the rich respectability of the church, and then up again at the beautiful clear-hued pile, you may fancy it less a temple for man's needs than a monument of his pride, — less a fold for the flock than for the shepherds, — a visible sign that, besides the actual assortment of heavenly thrones, there is constantly on hand a choice lot of cushioned cathedral stalls.

*ENGLISH PARISH CHURCHES—
WAKEFIELD CHURCH*

T. J. MICKLETHWAITE

I WILL now, by way of illustration, trace the history of one church from the twelfth century to the sixteenth; and I select that of Wakefield, my native town, not because it has changed more than others, — for its growth has been exactly the normal one, — but because I have had the opportunity to

study it closely, when it was dissected in the process of "restoration," and have proofs of each successive change.

A church probably stood on this site from the earliest times, but we cannot trace it in the fabric earlier than the twelfth century. At that time there was an aisleless cross church, which, if it had not a central tower, was at least intended to have one; but it probably had it. As nearly always happened to important churches, very soon after it was built it received the addition of a north aisle to the nave. This aisle was added for the sake of the additional accommodation it gave, and was put on the north side rather than the south, because the cemetery was on the south, and our ancestors were unwilling to encroach upon it, except in what they considered a case of necessity. In due time the necessity generally came, as it did here in the thirteenth century, when a south aisle was added to the nave. And I may here remark in passing that those large collections of bones which we have seen stowed away at Ripon and Hythe and elsewhere, and of which the guides delight to tell such strange tales, are simply what have been collected when the grave yards have been dug up at the time of the extension of the churches over them. At both the places named there have been large additions of this sort, and in the accounts of the rebuilding of the nave of Ripon there is a regular item, *pro carriando les bones*.

The next change at Wakefield was a considerable one, little less than a complete rebuilding of the church, and enough to call for its reconsecration,

which took place in 1329. The central tower was now gone; probably it either fell or had to be taken down on account of its insecurity. Twelfth century towers were often badly built, and this one would have had its supports much weakened by the addition of the aisles. In its place was built a chancel, with a span roof, to which the transepts became side chapels. A wide and lofty chancel arch was built, and the pillars on both sides of the nave were raised considerably, and new arches put above them. The aisles were also rebuilt, probably taking in more ground than they had done before, and the church was entirely transformed into one of the "decorated" period.

After this there came a pause, during which, perhaps, men employed themselves in furnishing their new church. But early in the fifteenth century they began to think of adding a tower to it; and as nearly everybody else did in like case, they chose to put it at the west end. These western towers are, I believe, always additions, however early they may be. We find them of all dates, although it was not the rule for parish churches to be provided with steeples before the fifteenth century. A steeple was an expensive addition to a church, and the old men often spread the cost of it over a great number of years, — not by borrowing money and paying it off by degrees as might be done now, but by building slowly, as they collected funds to do it with. This went on sometimes for the greater part of a century; and as people wanted to use the church meanwhile, they took care so to arrange the work that it should not be necessary to interfere with the main building

until it was nearly finished. This they generally managed by building the tower on new ground, outside the existing church, at the west end; and then, when all was ready, and it could be done without any delay, they lengthened the nave till it joined on to the new tower. This process has been applied to by far the greater number of our old parish churches, and it may generally be traced in them. We find it not only in churches which had before been without towers, but in a great many which, like this at Wakefield, had once had them in the middle. If, for any reason, a central tower had to come down, it would be most inconvenient to block up the middle of the church for years whilst it was being rebuilt, and so men generally preferred to build a new one at the west end. And most central towers did have to come down, either from their own weakness or because, after the addition of the aisles to the church, the great piers of the towers were found to be too much in the way.

The tower was sometimes built close to the church, so that very little lengthening was necessary to join them; but sometimes it was some distance away, and a bay or more was added to the nave. This was the case at Wakefield.

When the tower was added, men seem to have thought the nave rather dark; for here, and in a great number of other places, the next work was the addition of a clerestory to the nave. We find clerestories of all dates; but as they generally come after the towers, they are not common in parish churches before the fifteenth century.

The addition of the clerestory was, at Wakefield,

the beginning of a series of works quite as extensive as those which had taken place in the fourteenth century. The chancel was rebuilt from the ground, with aisles to its whole length. These aisles were the full width of the projection of the original transepts, which thus disappear from the plan, although a tradition of them remained in the arrangement of the windows, until the aisle walls were again rebuilt in the eighteenth century, and the bays spaced equally.

After the chancel, the aisles of the nave were rebuilt, their walls being also brought out to the face of the transepts; and this completed a transformation of the church as complete as that which had preceded the reconsecration in 1329. And from the aisleless, cross church, with a central tower, which it was in the twelfth century, it had changed, step by step, until at the end of the fifteenth century it had become a large, broad church, with aisles along its whole length, a tower and spire at the west end, and not a trace of the cross form remaining.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WALTER CRANE

IN the stillness and solemn light and mystery of the great Abbey we may recover that sense of unity and repose too often disturbed in modern buildings. It is there, if anywhere, we may —

*'Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,'*

even as our lost poet and craftsman, William Morris, bade us in the introduction to *The Earthly Paradise*. It is there, under the vaulting that has covered so many generations, that enshrines so much of our history, the resting place of so many great Englishmen, we feel the collective impersonal spirit, as well as the pride of race and love of country, as we feel and see the work of many minds and many hands, the skill and imagination of many generations of artist craftsmen speaking to us from the carved stone and wood, when architecture and decoration were one. And then we may reflect that this splendour and dignity was the growth of an age when England was a comparatively small and poor country.

Unity of sentiment, solemnity, splendour, — these should be the dominant qualities in the artistic expression of great public buildings.

SANTA MARIA DEGL' ANGELI

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE found our way to the portal of Santa Maria degl' Angeli. The exterior of this church has no pretensions to beauty or majesty, or, indeed, to architectural merit of any kind, or to any architecture whatever; for it looks like a confused pile of ruined brickwork, with a façade resembling half the inner curve of a large oven. No one would imagine that there was a church under that enormous heap of ancient rubbish. But the door admits you into a circular vestibule, once an apartment of Diocletian's Baths, but now a portion of

the nave of the church, and surrounded with monumental busts; and thence you pass into what was the central hall; now, with little change, except of detail and ornament, transformed into the body of the church. This space is so lofty, broad, and airy, that the soul forthwith swells out and magnifies itself, for the sake of filling it. It was Michelangelo who contrived this miracle; and I feel even more grateful to him for rescuing such a noble interior from destruction, than if he had originally built it himself. In the ceiling above, you see the metal fixtures whereon the old Romans hung their lamps; and there are eight gigantic pillars of Egyptian granite, standing as they stood of yore. There is a grand simplicity about the church more satisfactory than elaborate ornament; but the present pope has paved and adorned one of the large chapels of the transept in very beautiful style, and the pavement of the central part is likewise laid in rich marbles. In the choir there are several pictures; one of which was veiled, as celebrated pictures frequently are in churches. A person who seemed to be at his devotions, withdrew the veil for us, and we saw a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, by Domenichino, originally, I believe, painted in fresco in St. Peter's, but since transferred to canvas, and removed hither. Its place at St. Peter's is supplied by a mosaic copy. I was a good deal impressed by this picture — the dying saint, amid the sorrow of those who loved him, and the fury of his enemies, looking upward, where a company of angels, and Jesus with them, are waiting to welcome him and crown him; and I felt what an influence pictures might have upon the

devotional part of our nature. The nail-marks in the hands and feet of Jesus, ineffaceable, even after he had passed into bliss and glory, touched my heart with a sense of his love for us. I think this really a great picture.

ST. PETER'S

G O E T H E

ACCOMPANIED by Tischbein, I set off for the Piazza of St. Peter's, where we went about first of all from one part to another; when it became too hot for that, walked up and down in the shade of the great obelisk, which is full wide enough for two abreast, and eating grapes which we purchased in the neighborhood. Then we entered the Sistine Chapel, which we found bright and cheerful, and with a good light for the pictures. "The Last Judgment" divided our admiration with the paintings on the roof by Michelangelo. I could only see and wonder. The mental confidence and boldness of the master, and his grandeur of conception, are beyond all expression. After we had looked at all of them over and over again, we left this sacred building, and went to St. Peter's which received from the bright heavens the loveliest light possible, and every part of it was clearly lit up. As men willing to be pleased, we were delighted with its vastness and splendour, and did not allow an over-nice or hypercritical taste to mar our pleasure. We suppressed every harsher judgment; we enjoyed the enjoyable.

Lastly we ascended the roof of the church, where

one finds in little the plan of a well-built city. Houses and magazines, springs (in appearance at least), churches, and a great temple all in the air, and beautiful walks between. We mounted the dome, and saw glistening before us the regions of the Apennines, Soracte, and towards Tivoli the volcanic hills. Frascati, Castelgandolfo, and the plains, and beyond all the sea. Close at our feet lay the whole city of Rome in its length and breadth, with its mountain palaces, domes, etc. Not a breath of air was moving, and in the upper dome it was (as they say) like being in a hot-house. When we had looked enough at these things, we went down, and they opened for us the doors in the cornices of the dome, the tympanum, and the nave. There is a passage all round, and from above you can take a view of the whole church, and of its several parts. As we stood on the cornices of the tympanum, we saw beneath us the pope passing to his midday devotions. Nothing, therefore, was wanting to make our view of St. Peter's perfect.

MASS AND SHADE IN ARCHITECTURE

JOHN RUSKIN

POSITIVE shade is a more necessary and more sublime thing in an architect's hands than in a painter's. For the latter being able to temper his light with an undertone throughout, and to make it delightful with sweet colour, or awful with lurid colour, and to represent distance, and air, and sun, by the depth of it, and fill its whole space with

expression, can deal with an enormous, nay almost with an universal, extent of it, and the best painters most delight in such extent; but as light, with the architect, is nearly always liable to become full and untempered sunshine seen upon solid surface, his only rests, and his chief means of sublimity, are definite shades. So that, after size and weight, the Power of architecture may be said to depend on the quantity (whether measured in space or intenseness) of its shadow; and it seems to me, that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men, (as opposed to those works of art with which we have nothing to do but in times of rest or pleasure,) require of it that it should express a kind of human sympathy, by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life: and that as the great poem and great fiction generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours; so there must be, in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery; and this it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess. So that Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture, though a false one in painting; and I do not believe that ever any building was truly great, unless it had mighty masses, vigorous and deep, of shadow mingled with its surface. And among the first habits that a young architect should learn,

is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton; but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it, and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build in the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men did wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal; let him keep the full command of both and see that he knows how they fall, and where they fade. His paper lines and proportions are of no value: all that he has to do must be done by spaces of light and darkness; and his business is to see that the one is broad and bold enough not to be swallowed up by twilight, and the other deep enough not to be dried like a shallow pool by a noon-day sun.

And, that this may be, the first necessity is that the quantities of shade or light, whatever they may be, shall be thrown into masses, either of something like equal weight, or else large masses of the one relieved with small of the other; but masses of one or other kind there must be. No design that is divided at all, and is not divided into masses, can ever be of the smallest value; this great law respecting breadth, precisely the same in architecture and painting, is so important, that the examination of its two principal applications will include most of the conditions of majestic design on which I would at present insist.

The relative majesty of buildings depends more on the weight and vigor of their masses, than on any other attribute of their design: mass of every-

thing, of bulk, of light, of darkness, of colour, not mere sum of any of these, but breadth of them; not broken light, nor scattered darkness, nor divided weight, but solid stone, broad sunshine, starless shade. Time would fail me altogether, if I attempted to follow out the range of the principle; there is not a feature, however apparently trifling, to which it cannot give power. The wooden fillings of belfry lights, necessary to protect their interiors from rain, are in England usually divided into a number of neatly-executed crossbars, like those of Venetian blinds, which, of course, become as conspicuous in their sharpness as they are uninteresting in their precise carpentry, multiplying, moreover, the horizontal lines which directly contradict those of the architecture. Abroad, such necessities are met by three or four downright penthouse roofs, reaching each from within the window to the outside shafts of its mouldings; instead of the horrible row of ruled lines, the space is thus divided into four or five grand masses of shadow, with grey slopes of roof above, bent or yielding into all kinds of delicious swells and curves, and covered with warm tones of moss and lichen. Very often the thing is more delightful than the stone-work itself, and all because it is broad, dark, and simple. It matters not how clumsy, how common, the means are, that get weight and shadow — sloping roof, jutting porch, projecting balcony, hollow niche, massy gargoyle, frowning parapet; get but gloom and simplicity, and all good things will follow in their place and time; do but design with the owl's eyes first, and you will gain the falcon's afterwards.

THE TEST OF GOOD ORNAMENT

JOHN RUSKIN

I BELIEVE the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this: Was it done with enjoyment — was the carver happy while he was about it? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder because so much pleasure was taken in it; but it must have been happy too, or it will not be living. How much of the stone-mason's toil this condition would exclude I hardly venture to consider, but the condition is absolute. There is a Gothic church lately built near Rouen, vile enough, indeed, in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied old work closely. But it is all as dead as leaves in December; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole façade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so they are merely loading your walls with shapes of clay: the garlands of everlastings in Père la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments. You cannot get the feeling by paying for it — money will not buy life. I am not sure even that you can get it by watching or waiting for it.

ROOFS

JOHN RUSKIN

I AM sure that all of you must readily acknowledge the charm which is imparted to any landscape by the presence of cottages; and you must over and over again have paused at the wicket gate of some cottage garden, delighted by the simple beauty of the honeysuckle porch and latticed window. Has it ever occurred to you to ask the question, what effect the cottage would have upon your feelings if it had *no roof*? no visible roof, I mean;—if, instead of the thatched slope, in which the little upper windows are buried deep, as in a nest of straw—or the rough shelter of its mountain shales—or warm colouring of russet tiles—there were nothing but a flat leaden top to it, making it look like a large packing-case with windows in it? I don't think the rarity of such a sight would make you feel it to be beautiful; on the contrary, if you think over the matter you will find that you actually do owe, and ought to owe, a great part of your pleasure in all cottage scenery, and in all the inexhaustible imagery of literature which is founded upon it, to the conspicuousness of the cottage roof—to the subordination of the cottage itself to its covering, which leaves, in nine cases out of ten, really more roof than anything else. It is, indeed, not so much the whitewashed walls—nor the flowery garden—nor the rude fragments of stones set for steps at the door—nor any other picturesqueness of the building, which interest you, so much as the grey bank of its heavy eaves, deep-

cushioned with green moss and golden stonecrop. And there is a profound, yet evident, reason for this feeling. The very soul of the cottage — the essence and meaning of it — are in its roof; it is that, mainly, wherein consists its shelter; that, wherein it differs most completely from a cleft in rocks or bower in woods. It is in its thick impenetrable coverlid of close thatch that its whole heart and hospitality are concentrated. Consider the difference, in sound, of the expression “beneath my roof” and “within my walls” — consider whether you would be best sheltered, in a shed, with a stout roof sustained on corner posts, or in an inclosure of four walls without a roof at all, — and you will quickly see how important a part of the cottage the roof must always be to the mind as well as to the eye, and how, from seeing it, the greatest part of our pleasure must continually arise.

Now, do you suppose that which is so all-important in a cottage, can be of small importance in your own dwelling-house? Do you think that by any splendour of architecture — any height of stories — you can atone to the mind for the loss of the aspect of the roof. It is vain to say you take the roof for granted. You may as well say you take a man’s kindness for granted, though he neither looks nor speaks kindly. You may know him to be kind in reality, but you will not like him so well as if he spoke and looked kindly also. And whatever external splendour you may give your houses, you will always feel there is something wanting, unless you see their roofs plainly. And this especially in the north. In southern architecture the

roof is of far less importance; but here the soul of domestic building is in the largeness and conspicuousness of the protection against the ponderous snow and driving sleet. You may make the façade of the square pile, if the roof be not seen, as handsome as you please, — you may cover it with decoration, — but there will always be a heartlessness about it, which you will not know how to conquer; above all, a perpetual difficulty in finishing the wall at top, which will require all kinds of strange inventions in parapets and pinnacles for its decoration, and yet will never look right.

Now, I need not tell you that, as it is desirable, for the sake of the effect upon the mind, that the roof should be visible, so the best and most natural form of roof in the north is that which will render it most visible, namely, the steep gable; the best and most natural, I say, because this form not only throws off snow and rain most completely, and dries fastest, but obtains the greatest interior space within walls of a given height, removes the heat of the sun most effectually from the upper rooms, and affords the most space for ventilation.

TOWERS

JOHN RUSKIN

THE subject of spire and tower architecture, however, is so interesting and extensive, that I have thoughts of writing a detached essay upon it, and at all events, cannot enter upon it here: but this much is enough for the reader to note for our present purpose, that, although many towers do in

reality stand on piers or shafts, as the central towers of cathedrals, yet the expression of all of them, and the real structure of the best and strongest, are the elevation of gradually diminishing weight on massy or even solid foundation. Nevertheless, since the tower is in its origin a building for strength of defense, and faithfulness of watch, rather than splendour of aspect, its true expression is of just so much diminution of weight upwards as may be necessary to its fully balanced strength, not a jot more. There must be no light-headedness in your noble tower: impregnable foundation, wrathful crest, with the vizor down, and the dark vigilance seen through the clefts of it; not the filigree crown or embroidered cap. No towers are so grand as the square browed ones, with massy cornices and rent battlements; next to these come the fantastic towers, with their various forms of steep roof; the best, not the cone, but the plain gable thrown very high; last of all in my mind (of good towers) those with spires or crowns, though these, of course, are fittest for ecclesiastical purposes, and capable of the richest ornament.

But, in all of them, this I believe to be a point of chief necessity, — that they shall seem to stand, and shall verily stand, in their own strength; not by help of buttresses nor artful balancings on this side and on that. Your noble tower must need no help, must be sustained by no crutches, must give place to no suspicion of decrepitude. Its office may be to withstand war, look forth for tidings, or to point to heaven: but it must have in its own walls the strength to do this; it is to be itself a bulwark, not to be sustained by other bulwarks;

to rise and look forth, "the tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus," like a stern sentinel, not like a child held up in its nurse's arms. A tower may, indeed, have a kind of buttress, a projection, or subordinate tower at each of its angles; but these are to its main body like the satellites to a shaft, joined with its strength, and associated in its uprightness, part of the tower itself: exactly in the proportion in which they lose their massive unity with its body, and assume the form of true buttress walls set on its angles, the tower loses its dignity.

These two characters, then, are common to all noble towers, however otherwise different in purpose or feature, — the first, that they rise from massive foundation to lighter summits, frowning with battlements perhaps, but yet evidently more pierced and thinner in wall than beneath, and, in most ecclesiastical examples, divided into rich open work: the second, that whatever the form of the tower, it shall not appear to stand by help of buttresses. It follows from the first condition, as indeed it would have followed from ordinary aesthetic requirements, that we shall have continual variation in the arrangement of the stories, and the larger number of apertures towards the top, — a condition exquisitely carried out in the old Lombardic towers, in which, however small they may be, the number of apertures is always regularly increased towards the summit; generally one window in the lowest stories, two in the second, then three, five, and six; often, also one, two, four, and six, with beautiful symmetries of placing, not at present to our purpose.

Section III

PAINTING

THE ART OF PICTURES

CHARLES READE

BUT although the words were to them what hieroglyphics are to us, there was something in the letter they could read. There is an art can speak without words; unfettered by the penman's limits, it can steal through the eye into the heart and brain, alike of the learned and the unlearned; and it can cross a frontier or a sea, yet lose nothing. It is at the mercy of no translator; for it writes an universal language.

PICTURES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

A PICTURE, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself, in due proportion with the miracle which has been wrought. Let the canvas glow as it may, you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence escapes you. There is always the necessity of helping out the painter's art with your own resources of sensibility and imagination. Not that these qualities shall

really add anything to what the master has effected; but they must be put so entirely under his control, and work along with him to such an extent, that, in a different mood, when you are cold and critical, instead of sympathetic, you will be apt to fancy that the loftier merits of the picture were of your own dreaming, not of his creating.

THE PURPOSE OF ART

SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY

THE fact is that a picture one can describe is not likely to be a good picture. If the actual description of a picture makes interesting reading, the picture itself is not likely to please. Take any of the beautiful pictures of the world and try to describe it, you will find that your description, however well expressed, may contain everything except the very qualities whereby the picture pleases. If you are a poet you may write a poem on a kindred subject to that treated by the painter, but you cannot write it on the painter's subject, and even if you could your poem would please, not as describing the picture, but by its own separate artistic qualities. Whatever parts of pictures can be thus directly translated into words are no part of their pictorial quality, of what makes them or should make them works of Art.

Granted that the pictures are fine as pictures, they are none the worse for carrying any charge of symbolism they can be made to carry; but if they are bad as pictures they are not redeemed by being laden with a ponderous moral, however ad-

mirable. The quality fundamentally necessary to a picture is that it be beautifully painted, lovely to look upon, and that whatever message it has to bear it shall carry it pictorially. The sight of beauty is itself enough for a painter to behold and transmit. Who that has gazed at a sunset can deny it? The sunset behind Turner's "Fighting Temeraire Towed to Her Last Moorings" is proof enough. It may be symbolically introduced, but that does not make it good. It is the beauty of the sunset and its harmony with the other parts of the picture that is its glory. The symbolism is well enough in addition, but only in addition. The beauty, not the symbolism, is the painter's subject.

THE PURPOSE OF ART

JOHN RUSKIN

PAINTING, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much towards being that which we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man who has learned how to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet. The language is, indeed, more difficult of acquirement in the one case than in the other, and possesses more power of

delighting the sense, while it speaks to the intellect; but it is, nevertheless, nothing more than language, and all those excellences which are peculiar to the painter as such, are merely what rhythm, melody, precision, and force are in the words of the orator and the poet, necessary to their greatness, but not the tests of their greatness. It is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness either of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined.

Speaking with strict propriety, therefore, we should call a man a great painter only as he excelled in precision and force in the language of lines, and a great versifier, as he excelled in precision or force in the language of words. A great poet would then be a term strictly, and in precisely the same sense applicable to both, if warranted by the character of the images or thoughts which each in their respective languages conveyed.

Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen: — the “Old Shepherd’s Chief-mourner.” Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language — language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of the dog’s breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye

in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life, — how unwatched the departure, of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep; — these are all thoughts — thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the man of Mind.

TECHNIQUE AND IDEAS

GEORGE CLAUSEN

REYNOLDS says that "the service of nature, when properly understood, is perfect freedom." This we may see in all the greatest artists, and I think it is this that gives to a masterpiece one of its greatest charms; the sense of being natural and easily done. As nature does not suggest effort, neither does the masterpiece, so that it is as true to nature in its method of execution as in its conception; we do not feel the effort, it exists, like nature. Someone has remarked that the effect of fine painting is to make you feel that you could do it too; and this is something of the feeling one gets before work executed with facility, such as that of Velasquez, of Rubens, or of Veronese; it looks as easy as possible.

Methods may change, but the ideals and aims

of the artist remain as they have always been, and are unaffected by time or place; we, when our turn comes, only go over the old well-trodden ground. I came across some rules on painting the other day, from a Chinese book called *The Mustard-seed Garden*, which was published in the year 1680; and these rules are quoted as being given by an ancient Chinese artist of unknown date, though they might have been written yesterday. Some extracts may be of interest: —

“Excellence does not consist in multiplicity of detail, nor in bare simplicity; difficulty is not art, nor is ease: non-accordance with rules does not ensure an artistic style, and with overmuch method the result may be highly inartistic. First give rigid attention to all rules, then follow your genius and break away from them.” “If you want to work without rules, first follow every rule; if to paint with ease, first take pains: if you would have a slight and simple style, first study all the multitudinous details.”

Another ancient artist says, “When a picture seems to be alive with motion and breath, as though of heavenly creation, it may be called a work of genius. When the touches are something above the ordinary, and the washes are in accord with good taste, a fertility of motive controlling the whole, it may be called a work of excellence. When there is correctness of form, and a general observance of rules, the result may be called a work of ability” — and he sums up as follows: “With the breath of the four seasons in one’s breast, one will be able to create on paper. The five colours well applied enlighten the world.”

BEAUTY, UGLINESS, TRUTH

JOHN RUSKIN

GREAT art dwells on all that is beautiful; but false art omits or changes all that is ugly. Great art accepts Nature as she is, but directs the eyes and thoughts to what is most perfect in her; false art saves itself the trouble of direction by removing or altering whatever it thinks objectionable. The evil results of which proceeding are twofold.

First. That beauty deprived of its proper foils and adjuncts ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of all shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light. A white canvas cannot produce an effect of sunshine; the painter must darken it in some places before he can make it look luminous in others; nor can an uninterrupted succession of beauty produce the true effect of beauty; it must be foiled by inferiority before its own power can be developed. Nature has for the most part mingled her inferior and noble elements as she mingles sunshine with shade, giving due use and influence to both, and the painter who chooses to remove the shadow, perishes in the burning desert he has created. The truly high and beautiful art of Angelico is continually refreshed and strengthened by his frank portraiture of the most ordinary features of his brother monks, and of the recorded peculiarities of ungainly sanctity; but the modern German and Raphaellesque schools lose all honour and nobleness in barber-like admiration of handsome faces, and have, in fact, no real faith except

in straight noses, and curled hair. Paul Veronese opposes the dwarf to the soldier, and the negress to the queen; Shakespeare places Caliban beside Miranda, and Autolycus beside Perdita; but the vulgar idealist withdraws his beauty to the safety of the saloon, and his innocence to the seclusion of the cloister; he pretends that he does this in delicacy of choice and purity of sentiment, while in truth he has neither courage to front the monster, nor wit enough to furnish the knave.

It is only by the habit of representing faithfully all things that we can truly learn what is beautiful, and what is not. The ugliest objects contain some element of beauty; and in all it is an element peculiar to themselves, which cannot be separated from their ugliness, but must either be enjoyed together with it, or not at all. The more a painter accepts nature as he finds it, the more unexpected beauty he discovers in what he at first despised; but once let him arrogate the right of rejection, and he will gradually contract his circle of enjoyment, until what he supposed to be nobleness of selection ends in narrowness of perception. Dwelling perpetually upon one class of ideas, his art becomes at once monstrous and morbid; until at last he cannot faithfully represent even what he chooses to retain; his discrimination contracts into darkness, and his fastidiousness fades into fatuity.

High art, therefore, consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature, but in seeking throughout nature for "whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure"; in loving these, in displaying to the utmost the painter's power such loveliness as is in them, and directing the thoughts

of others to them by winning art, or gentle emphasis. Art (*cæteris paribus*) is great in exact proportion to the love of beauty shown by the painter, provided that love of beauty forfeit no atom of truth.

The next characteristic of great art is that it includes the largest possible quantity of Truth in the most perfect possible harmony. If it were possible for art to give all the truths of nature, it ought to do it. But this is not possible. Choice must always be made of some facts which can be represented, from among others which must be passed by in silence, or even, in some respects, misrepresented. The inferior artist chooses unimportant and scattered truths; the great artist chooses the most necessary first, and afterwards the most consistent with these, so as to obtain the greatest possible and most harmonious *sum*. For instance, Rembrandt always chooses to represent the exact force with which the light on the most illumined part of an object is opposed to its obscurer portions. In order to obtain this, in most cases, not very important truth, he sacrifices the light and colour of five-sixths of his picture; and the expression of every character of objects which depends on tenderness of shape or tint. But he obtains his single truth, and what picturesque and forcible expression is dependent upon it, with magnificent skill and subtlety. Veronese, on the contrary, chooses to represent the great relations of visible things to each other, to the heaven above, to the earth beneath them. He holds it more important to show how a figure stands relieved from delicate air, or marble wall; how as a red, or purple, or white figure it separates itself, in clear discerni-

bility, from things not red, nor purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines round it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light; all this, I say, he feels to be more important than showing merely the exact *measure* of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger-hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, moreover, he feels to be harmonious, — capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's breadth of colour, not merely what its rightness or wrongness is in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvas; restraining for truth's sake, his exhaustless energy, reining back, for truth's sake, his fiery strength, veiling, before truth, the vanity of brightness, penetrating, for truth, the discouragement of gloom; ruling his restless invention with a rod of iron; pardoning no error, no thoughtlessness, no forgetfulness; and subduing all his powers, impulses, and imaginations, to the arbitrament of a merciless justice, and the obedience of an incorruptible verity.

I give this instance with respect to colour and shade; but, in the whole field of art, the difference between the great and inferior artists is of the same kind, and may be determined at once by the question, which of them conveys the largest sum of truth?

BREADTH AND DETAIL IN PAINTING

WILLIAM HAZLITT

IT is said that the great style in painting, as it relates to the immediate imitation of external nature, consists in avoiding the details of particular objects. It consists neither in giving nor avoiding them, but in something quite different from both. Any one may avoid the details. So far there is no difference between the *Cartoons* and a common sign-painting. Greatness consists in giving the larger masses and proportions with truth, — this does not prevent giving the smaller ones too. The utmost grandeur of outline, and the broadest masses of light and shade, are perfectly compatible with the utmost minuteness and delicacy of detail, as may be seen in nature. It is not, indeed, common to see both qualities combined in the imitations of nature, any more than the combinations of other excellences; nor am I here saying to which the principal attention of the artist should be directed; but I deny that, considered in themselves, the absence of the one quality is necessary or sufficient to the production of the other.

If, for example, the form of the eye-brow is correctly given, it will be perfectly indifferent to the truth or grandeur of the design whether it consists of one broad mark, or is composed of a number of hair-lines arranged in the same order. So, if the lights and shades are disposed in fine and large masses, the *breadth* of the picture, as it is called, cannot possibly be affected by the filling up

of these masses with the details; that is, with the subordinate distinctions which appear in nature. The anatomical details in Michel Angelo, the ever-varying outline of Raphael, the perfect execution of the Greek statues do not destroy their symmetry nor dignity of form; and in the finest specimens of the composition of colour we may observe the largest masses combined with the greatest variety in the parts of which these masses are composed.

The *gross* style consists in giving no detail, the *finical* in giving nothing else. Nature contains both large and small parts, both masses and details; and the same may be said of the most perfect works of art. The union of both kinds of excellence, of strength with delicacy, as far as the limits of human capacity and the shortness of human life would permit, is that which has established the reputation of the most successful imitators of nature. Farther, their most finished works are their best. The predominance, indeed of either excellence in the best masters has varied according to their opinion of the relative values of these qualities, — the labour they had the time or the patience to bestow on their works, — the skill of the artist, — of the nature and extent of his subject. But if the rule here objected to, that the careful imitation of the parts injures the effect of the whole, be once admitted, slovenliness would become another name for genius, and the most unfinished performances be the best. That such has been the confused impression left on the mind by the perusal of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses," is evident from the practice as well as

conversation of many (even eminent) artists. The late Mr. Opie proceeded entirely on this principle. He left many admirable studies of portraits, particularly in what relates to the disposition and effect of light and shade; but he never finished any of the parts, thinking them beneath the attention of a great artist. He went over the whole head the second day as he had done the first, and therefore made no progress. The pictures, at last, having neither the lightness of a sketch, nor the accuracy of a finished work, looked coarse, laboured, and heavy. Titian is the most perfect example of high finishing. In him the details are engrafted on the most profound knowledge of effect, and attention to the character of what he represented. His pictures have the exact look of nature, the very tone and texture of flesh. The variety of his tints is blended into the greatest simplicity. There is a proper degree both of solidity and transparency. All the parts hang together; every stroke tells and adds to the effect of the rest. Sir Joshua seems to deny that Titian finished much, and says that he produced by two or three strokes of his pencil effects which the most laborious copyist would in vain attempt to equal. It is true, he availed himself in some degree of what is called *execution*, to facilitate his imitation of the details and peculiarities of nature; but it was to facilitate, not supersede. There can be nothing more distinct than execution and daubing. Titian, however, made a very moderate, though a very admirable use of his power; and those who copy his pictures will find that the simplicity is in the results, not in the details.

COLOURING THE TEST OF A PAINTER

JOHN RUSKIN

AS I have said, the business of a painter is to paint. If he can colour he is a painter, though he can do nothing else; if he cannot colour, he is no painter, though he may do everything else. But it is, in fact, impossible if he can colour, but that he should be able to do more; for a faithful study of colour will always give power over form, though the most intense study of form will give no power over colour. The man who can see all the greys, and reds, and purples in a peach, will paint the peach rightly round, and rightly altogether; but the man who has only studied its roundness, may not see its purples and greys, and if he does not, will never get it to look like a peach; so that great power over colour is always a sign of large and general art-intellect. Expression of the most subtle kind can be often reached by the slight studies of caricaturists; sometimes elaborated by the toil of the dull, and sometimes by the sentiment of the feeble; but to colour well requires real talent and earnest study, and to colour perfectly is the rarest and most precious power an artist can possess. Every other gift may be erroneously cultivated, but this will guide to all healthy, natural, and forcible truth; the student may be led into folly by philosophers, and into falsehood by purists; but he is always safe, if he holds the hand of a colourist.

*THE NOBLENES AND LOVELINESS
OF COLOUR*

JOHN RUSKIN

OF all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most.

I know that this will sound strange in many ears, and will be especially startling to those who have considered the subject chiefly with reference to painting; for the great Venetian schools of colour are not usually understood to be either pure or pensive, and the idea of its pre-eminence is associated in nearly every mind with the coarseness of Rubens, and the sensualities of Correggio and Titian. But a more comprehensive view of art will soon correct this impression. It will be discovered, in the first place, that the more faithful and earnest the religion of the painter, the more pure and prevalent is the system of his colour. It will be found, in the second place, that where colour becomes a primal intention with a painter otherwise mean or sensual, it instantly elevates him, and becomes the one sacred and saving element of his work. The very depth of the stoop to which the Venetian painters and Rubens sometimes condescend, is a consequence of their feeling confidence in the power of their colour to keep them from falling. They hold on by it, as by a

chain let down from heaven, with one hand, though they may sometimes seem to gather dust and ashes with the other. And, in the last place, it will be found that so surely as a painter is irreligious, thoughtless, or obscene in disposition, so surely is his colouring cold, gloomy, and valueless. The opposite poles of art in this respect are Fra Angelico and Salvator Rosa; of whom the one was a man who smiled seldom, wept often, prayed constantly, and never harboured an impure thought. His pictures are simply so many pieces of jewellery, the colours of the draperies being perfectly pure, as various as those of a painted window, chastened only by paleness, and relieved upon a gold ground. Salvator was a dissipated jester and satirist, a man who spent his life in masquing and revelry. But his pictures are full of horror, and their colour for the most part gloomy grey. Truly it would seem as if art had so much of eternity in it, that it must take its dye from the close rather than the course of life: — “In such laughter the heart of man is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.”

These are no singular instances. I know of no law more severely without exception than this of the connection of pure colour with profound and noble thought. The late Flemish pictures, shallow in conception and obscene in subject, are always sober in colour. But the early religious painting of the Flemings is as brilliant in hue as it is holy in thought. The Bellinis, Francias, Peruginos painted in crimson, and blue, and gold.

THE VALUE OF DELICACY

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

WHEN Harry Esmond passed through the crisis of that malady, and returned to health again, he found that little Frank Esmond had also suffered and rallied after the disease, and the lady his mother was down with it, with a couple more of the household. "It was a Providence, for which we all ought to be thankful," Dr. Tusher said, "that my lady and her son were spared, while Death carried off the poor domestics of the house"; and rebuked Harry for asking, in his simple way, for which we ought to be thankful—that the servants were killed, or the gentlefolks were saved? Nor could young Esmond agree in the Doctor's vehement protestations to my lady, when he visited her during her convalescence, that the malady had not in the least impaired her charms, and had not been churl enough to injure the fair features of the Viscountess of Castlewood; whereas, in spite of these fine speeches, Harry thought that her ladyship's beauty was very much injured by the small-pox. When the marks of the disease cleared away, they did not, it is true, leave furrows or scars on her face, (except one, perhaps, on her forehead over her left eyebrow) but the delicacy of her rosy colour and complexion was gone, her eyes had lost their brilliancy, her hair fell, and her face looked older. It was as if a coarse hand had rubbed off the delicate tints of that sweet picture, and brought it, as one has seen unskilful painting-cleaners do, to the dead colour.

TRUTH OF LIKENESS IN PORTRAITURE

JOHN RUSKIN

WE constantly recognize things by their least important attributes, and by help of a very few of those: and if these attributes exist not in the imitation, though there may be thousands of others far higher and more valuable, yet if those be wanting, or imperfectly rendered, by which we are accustomed to recognize the object, we deny the likeness; while, if these be given, though all the great and valuable and important attributes may be wanting, we affirm the likeness. Recognition is no proof of real and intrinsic resemblance. We recognize our books by their bindings, though the true and essential characteristics lie inside. A man is known to his dog by the smell, to his tailor by the coat, to his friend by the smile: each of these knows him, but how little, or how much, depends on the dignity of the intelligence. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man, is known only to God. One portrait of a man may possess exact accuracy of feature, and no atom of expression; it may be, to use the ordinary terms of admiration bestowed on such portraits by those whom they please, "as like as it can stare." Everybody, down to his cat, would know this. Another portrait may have neglected or misrepresented the features, but may have given the flash of the eye, and the peculiar radiance of the lip, seen on him only in his hours of highest mental excitement. None but his friends would know this. Another may have given none of his ordinary expressions,

but one which he wore in the most excited instant of his life, when all his secret passions and all his highest powers were brought into play at once. None but those who had then seen him might recognize *this* as like. But which would be the most truthful portrait of the *man*? The first gives the accidents of body—the sport of climate, and food, and time—which corruption inhabits, and the worm waits for. The second gives the stamp of the soul upon the flesh; but it is the soul seen in the emotions which it shares with many, which may be not characteristic of its essence—the results of habit, and education, and accident—a gloze, which purposely worn or unconsciously assumed, perhaps totally contrary to all that is rooted and real in the mind which it conceals. The third has caught the trace of all that was most hidden and most mighty, when all hypocrisy, and all habit, and all petty and passing emotion—the ice, and the bank and the foam of the immortal river—were shivered, and broken, and swallowed up in the awakening of its inward strength; when the call and claim of some divine motive had brought into visible being those latent forces and feelings which the spirit's own volition could not summon, nor its consciousness comprehend, which God only knew, and God only could awaken—the depth and the mystery of its peculiar and separating attributes. And so it is with external nature: she has a body and a soul like man; but her soul is the Deity. It is possible to represent the body without the spirit; and this shall be like, to those whose senses are only cognizant of body. It is possible to represent the spirit in its ordinary and inferior

manifestations; and this shall be like, only to those who have not watched for its moments of power. It is possible to represent the spirit in its secret and high operations: and this to whose watching they have been revealed. All these are truth; but according to the dignity of the truths he can represent or feel, is the power of the painter — the justice of the judge.

THE PURPOSE OF ART

SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY

A SCHOOL of Art that does not make beauty its aim does not attain beauty. A tale may be most edifying, but it does not follow that a truthful telling of it in paint will be beautiful. The Seven Virtues were fine intellectual conceptions, and some artists made beautiful paintings and sculptures of figures emblematic of them; others made bad pictures, though equally lucid as emblems. The confusion between good Art and good sermons is no modern invention. It was, in fact, never made on so colossal a scale as by artists in Franciscan employ during the fourteenth century. An equally common modern mistake is to read some moral or religious sentiment into a beautiful work of Art, merely because of its beauty. When we come to consider the work of Fra Angelico we shall see how a truly religious mind manifests itself in painting. That is quite a different matter. The character of a sincere artist always shows itself in his work. Giotto's practical good sense is as manifest in his pictures as Fra Angelico's sweet aspiring nature is

in his. It would have been so whatever subjects they had chosen for their pictures. Both attained beauty in their work, just as Rembrandt did in painting the carcass of an ox, because their hearts loved beauty. They looked out upon the world and saw beauty where others beheld only the sordid fact; they looked for beauty and found it everywhere; they conceived it in the silence of their own hearts. The day was to come when the search for beauty was to be the quest of the whole school of Florentine painters and sculptors.

GIOTTO

JOHN RUSKIN

IT is especially to be noticed that these works of Giotto, in common with all others of the period, are independent of all the inferior sources of pictorial interest. They never show the slightest attempt at imitative realization: they are simple suggestions of ideas, claiming no regard except for the inherent value of the thoughts. There is no filling of the landscape with variety of scenery, architecture, or incident, as in the works of Benozzo Gozzoli or Perugino; no wealth of jewelery and gold spent on the dresses of the figures, as in the delicate labours of Angelico or Gentile da Fabriano. The background is never more than a few gloomy masses of rock, with a tree or two, and perhaps a fountain; the architecture is merely what is necessary to explain the scene; the dresses are painted sternly on the "heroic" principle of Sir Joshua Reynolds — that drapery is to be

"drapery, and nothing more," — there is no silk, nor velvet, nor distinguishable material of any kind; the whole power of the picture is rested on the three simple essentials of painting — pure Colour, noble Form, noble Thought.

We moderns, educated in reality far more under the influence of the Dutch masters than the Italian, and taught to look for realization in all things, have been in the habit of casting scorn on these early Italian works, as if their simplicity were the result of ignorance merely. When we know a little more of art in general, we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind did not altogether suppose his clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem; we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which addresses the imagination, as well as a realist art which supersedes it; and that the powers of contemplation and conception which could be satisfied or excited by these simple types of natural things, were infinitely more majestic than those which are so dependent on the completeness of what is presented to them as to be paralyzed by an error in perspective, or stifled by the absence of atmosphere.

Nor is the healthy simplicity of the period less marked in the selection than in the treatment of subjects. It has in these days become necessary for the painter who desires popularity to accumulate on his canvas whatever is startling in aspect or emotion, and to drain, even to exhaustion, the vulgar sources of the pathetic. Modern sentiment, at once feverish and feeble, remains unawakened

except by the violences of gaiety or gloom; and the eye refuses to pause, except when it is tempted by the luxury of beauty, or fascinated by the excitement of terror. It ought not, therefore, to be without a respectful admiration that we find the masters of the fourteenth century dwelling on moments of the most subdued and tender feeling, and leaving the spectator to trace the undercurrents of thought which link them with future events of mightier interest and fill with a prophetic power and mystery scenes in themselves so simple as the meeting of a master with his herdsmen among the hills, or the return of a betrothed virgin to her house.

It is, however, to be remembered that this quietness in character of subject was much more possible to an early painter, owing to the connection in which his works were to be seen. A modern picture, isolated and portable, must rest all its claims to attention on its own actual subject: but the pictures of the early masters were nearly always parts of a consecutive and stable series, in which many were subdued, like the connecting passages of a prolonged poem, in order to enhance the value or meaning of others.

“And Joachim went down with the shepherds, and Anna stood by the gate, and saw Joachim coming with the shepherds. And she ran, and hanging about his neck, said ‘Now, I know that the Lord hath greatly blessed me.’” (Protevenge-lion, iv. 8, 9.)

This is one of the most celebrated of Giotto's compositions, and deservedly so, being full of the most solemn grace and tenderness. The face of

St. Anna, half seen, is most touching in its depth of expression; and it is very interesting to observe how Giotto has enhanced its sweetness, by giving a harder and grosser character than is usual with him to the heads of the other two principal female figures (not but that this cast of feature is found frequently in the figures of somewhat earlier art), and by the rough and weather-beaten countenance of the entering shepherd. In like manner, the falling lines of the draperies owe a great part of their value to the abrupt and ugly oblongs of the horizontal masonry which adjoins them.

GIOTTO

SAMUEL BUTLER

THERE are few modern painters who are not technically greater than Giotto, but I cannot call to mind a single one whose work impresses me as profoundly as his does. How is it that our so greatly better should be so greatly worse — that the farther we go beyond him the higher he stands above us? Time no doubt has much to do with it, for, great as Giotto was, there are painters of today not less so, if they only dared express themselves as frankly and unaffectedly as he did.

FRA ANGELICO

SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY

IN Savonarola's cell there hangs a relic of no small interest — the handiwork of Fra Angelico himself. It is stowed away in so dark a corner

that one can hardly see it. Eyes accustomed to the gloom discover a small picture of the Crucified Christ, painted on a simple piece of white stuff. When the great preacher mounted the pulpit, this banner was borne before him. In those impassioned appeals of his, that electrified for a time the people of Florence, collected in crowded silence within the vast area of the newly finished Cathedral, it was to this very symbol of his faith that he was wont to point, whereon are written the now faded words, *Nos predicamus Christum crucifixum*.

Such a picture, let me even once again impress upon you, was not intended nor thought of as representing an historical event. It was a symbol of Faith — the friars' cells contain many frescoes of this type, painted by our artist or his assistants under his direction, and therefore to be reckoned as his work. The best fresco of the kind, painted by the master's own hand, is in the cloister facing the entrance. There are only two figures — Christ hanging dead upon the Cross, and Dominic kneeling in tears at its foot. The depth of feeling expressed in them is beyond translation into words. I do not mean that words cannot convey an equal depth of feeling. Doubtless all the Arts may be regarded as equally expressive, each in its own fashion. What I would say is that the feeling expressed in this picture is pictorially conceived and pictorially expressed. An equal depth of feeling might be conceived and expressed poetically, but it would not be the same in all respects. Life is bigger than any Art. All that a work of Art can do is to image forth one aspect of the beauty of life. The aspects suited to different Arts are dif-

ferent. Love is a passion that all men know. It is expressed in Shakespeare in the language of *Romeo and Juliet*, by Wagner in the music of *Tristan and Isolde*. Both are expressions of the same emotion; but you cannot translate the literary expression into music, though you may set it to music, you cannot translate the musical expression into words, though you may accompany it by words. The emotion itself transcends all the expressions it has ever found.

All the work in Fra Angelico's picture is visible from seven or eight yards away. It was intended to produce its effects at a distance. Fra Angelico did not labour after detailed minuteness of finish in fresco. The ideas he wished to embody were simple; when they were expressed he was satisfied. Here he drew the outline of Christ's figure with great care against the dark blue of the sky. A line more expressively contrived and more subtly drawn you will not easily discover. He tenderly, but simply, modelled the form of the body, not desiring to attract attention to the form for its own sake, but anxious to make visible the weariness that led to death. "Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?" The lifeless head droops over towards the right arm, beneath which Dominic kneels. In the bending of the neck, though dead, there is suggested somewhat of benignity towards the sorrowing suppliant. The body preserves no sign of agony, nor the face of pain. Weariness, sadness, and now rest — that is all. It is not the face of an ascetic. The features are well-formed, the brow fairly arched and finely modelled; the mouth small, the thin lips gently closed. A white cloth, girt about

the loins, floats in the breeze; by his pictorial magic the artist has invested the curves of it with the dreamy sadness that pervades the picture. In the grief of the kneeling Dominic there is no violence, but the more sincerity for that reserve. His moistened eyes are fastened upon Christ; his forehead is wrinkled with care; his brows are drawn up at the corner; yet about the mouth there seems to linger the faint trace of an habitual smile.

We have already noticed one of the frescoes painted by Fra Angelico and his assistants in the cells upstairs. All are worthy of study, but time only permits us to consider one more. Let it be the Transfiguration, in one respect the most noteworthy of all, as manifesting qualities we should hardly look for in the work of so mild an artist. Reverence, humility, love — we look for the expression of them in Fra Angelico's pictures, rather than for dignity and majesty. Yet in this Transfiguration we shall discover a grandeur beyond that attained by Raphael in his last picture. Size is not indispensable for majesty; there exist gems engraved by Greek artists with the likeness of Zeus far more majestic than the colossal Sphinx. Strength of body is not essential, nor the aspect of commanding intelligence. The clearest vision of Divine Glory may be granted to the simple soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

The figure of Christ in this fresco is less than life-size. It is lightly, almost sketchily, painted in. It is drawn with no "boldness." It is not the figure of a strong or highly intellectual man. Not a muscle of the body is visible. The pose, pro-

phetic of the Crucifixion to come, is altogether simple. Yet with such economy of means, how grand a result is obtained! Michel Angelo's Christ the Judge, with bared muscular chest and strong arms darting thunderbolts upon the damned, is a vulgar piece of bombast compared with this transfigured Christ, in which every line is laid in gentleness and every gesture posed in peace. Nothing is introduced that is superfluous to the idea. There is no elaboration of landscape, nothing to materialize the dream or bring it down into the solid world of every day. The hill is a mere symbolic mound, with neither flower nor pebble upon it. In the sky is never a useless cloud, nor in the garments a needless fold. It is the rendering in paint of a mystic subject, done by a mystic painter in an atmosphere of mysticism — a picture that could only be produced just when, where, and by whom it was produced; one that we can still enjoy, but which today we could neither make nor imitate.

This, as I have before stated, is the value of old works of Art to later generations. Enshrining, as they do, bygone ideals they are unique. They could only be made when they were made. No one can imitate their spirit now, or ever hereafter. Fra Angelico could not exist in the twentieth century. He was possible only when he lived. His pictures then only could be produced. Their defects are conditions of their merits. Both were consequences of their time, products of the same conditions as the ideals of that time. But if we cannot hope, and indeed do not desire, to imitate such works of the past, we can still enjoy them with a keen delight. Their very naïveté is a part of

their enchantment. They transport our hearts to a younger day; they give us back the childhood of our faith. Beside me, as I write, is a child's painting of her doll "Juliet!" No one would recommend grown artists to try and paint like that — they could not, however much they might try. Yet the rude drawing has an unmistakable childish charm. It takes the spectator back to his own early days and bathes him for a moment in the fountain of infancy. Somewhat similar is the delightful effect that works of developing, but still undeveloped, Art-schools of the past produce upon modern spectators who regard them sympathetically.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

BENOZZO GOZZOLI, the pupil of Fra Angelico, but in no sense the continuator of his tradition, exhibits the blending of several styles by a genius of less creative than assimilative force.

His compositions are rich in architectural details, not always chosen with pure taste, but painted with an almost infantine delight in the magnificence of buildings. Quaint birds and beasts and reptiles crowd his landscapes; while his imagination runs riot in rocks and rivers, trees of all variety, and rustic incidents adopted from real life.

And no Florentine of the fifteenth century was more fond of assembling the personages of contemporary history in groups. Thus he showed himself sensitive to the chief influences of the earlier Renaissance, and combined the scientific

and naturalistic tendencies of his age in a manner not devoid of native poetry.

This painter's marvelous rapidity of execution enabled him to produce an almost countless series of decorative works. The best of these are the frescoes on the Pisan Campo Santo, of the Riccardi Palace at Florence, of San Gemignano, and of Montefalco.

Within the range of his own powers there are few more fascinating painters. His feeling for fresh nature — for hunters in the woods at night or dawn, for vintage-gatherers among their grapes, for festival troops of cavaliers and pages, and for the marriage-dances of young men and maidens — yields a delightful gladness to compositions lacking the simplicity of Giotto.

No one knew better how to sketch the quarrels of little boys in their nursery, or the laughter of serving-women, or children carrying their books to school; and when the idyllic genius of the man was applied to graver themes, his fancy supplied him with multitudes of angels waving rainbow-colored wings above fair mortal faces. Bevvies of them nestle like pigeons on the penthouse of the hut of Bethlehem, or crowd together round the infant Christ.

From these observations on the style of Benozzo Gozzoli it will be seen that in the evolution of Renaissance culture he may be compared with the romantic poets for whom the cheerfulness of nature and the joy that comes to men from living in a many-colored world of inexhaustible delight were sufficient sources of inspiration.

LUCA SIGNORELLI

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

SIGNORELLI made his mark by boldness, pushing experiment almost beyond the verge of truth, and approaching Michel Angelo in the hardihood of his endeavor to outdo nature. Vasari says of him that "even Michel Angelo imitated the manner of Luca, as every one can see"; and indeed Signorelli anticipated the greatest master of the sixteenth century not only in his profound study of human anatomy, but also in his resolution to express high thought and tragic passion by pure form, discarding all the minor charms of painting. Trained in the severe school of Piero della Francesca, he early learned to draw from the nude with boldness and accuracy; and to this point, too much neglected by his predecessors, he devoted the full powers of his maturity. Anatomy he practiced, according to the custom of those days, in the graveyard or beneath the gibbet. There is a drawing by him in the Louvre of a stalwart man carrying upon his back the corpse of a youth. Both are naked. The motive seems to have been taken from some lazar-house. Life-long study of perspective in its application to the drawing of the figure made the difficulties of foreshortening and delineation of brusque attitude mere child's play to this audacious genius. The most rapid movement, the most perilous contortion of bodies falling through the air or flying, he depicted with hard, firmly-traced unerring outline. If we dare to criticise the productions of a master so original and so accomplished,

all we can say is that Signorelli reveled almost too wantonly in the display of hazardous posture, and that he sacrificed the passion of his theme to the display of science. Yet his genius comprehended great and tragic subjects, and to him belongs the credit in an age of ornament and pedantry of having made the human body a language for the utterance of all that is most weighty in the thought of man.

A story is told by Vasari which brings Signorelli very close to our sympathy, and enables us to understand the fascination of pure form he felt so deeply. "It is related of Luca that he had a son killed at Cortona, a youth of singular beauty in face and person, whom he had tenderly loved. In his grief the father caused the boy to be stripped naked, and with extraordinary constancy of soul, uttering no complaint and shedding no tear, he painted the portrait of his dead son, to the end that he might still be able, through the work of his own hand, to contemplate that which nature had given him, but which an adverse fortune had taken away." So passionate and ardent, so convinced of the indissoluble bond between the soul he loved in life and its dead tenement of clay, and withal so iron-nerved and stout of will, it behooved that man to be who undertook in the plentitude of his power, at the age of sixty, to paint upon the walls of the chapel of S. Brizio at Orvieto the images of Doomsday, Resurrection, Heaven and Hell.

It is a gloomy chapel in the Gothic cathedral of that forlorn Papal city — gloomy by reason of bad lighting, but more so because of the terrible shapes

with which Signorelli has filled it. In no other work of the Italian Renaissance, except in the Sistine Chapel, has so much thought, engaged upon the most momentous subjects, been expressed with greater force by means more simple and with effect more overwhelming. Architecture, landscape, and decorative accessories of every kind, the usual padding of quattrocento pictures, have been discarded from the main compositions. The painter has relied solely upon his power of imagining and delineating the human form in every attitude, and under the most various conditions. Darting like hawks or swallows through the air, huddling together to shun the outpoured vials of the wrath of God, writhing with demons on the floor of Hell, struggling into new life from the clinging clay, standing beneath the footstool of the Judge, floating with lute and viol on the winds of Paradise, kneeling in prayer, or clasping "inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over-measure forever" — these multitudes of living beings, angelic, diabolic, bestial, human, crowd the huge spaces of the chapel walls. What makes the impression of controlling doom the more appalling is that we comprehend the drama in its several scenes, while the chief actor, the divine Judge, at whose bidding the cherubs sound their clarions, and the dead arise, and weal and woe are portioned to the saved and damned, is Himself unrepresented. We breathe in the presence of embodied consciences, submitting like our own, to an unseen inevitable will.

MICHELANGELO

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

MY wife and I went yesterday to the Sistine Chapel, it being my first visit. It is a room of noble proportions, lofty and long, though divided in the midst by a screen or partition of white marble, which rises high enough to break the effect of spacious unity. There are six arched windows on each side of the chapel, throwing down their light from the height of the walls, with as much as twenty feet of space (more I should think) between them and the floor. The entire walls and ceilings of this stately chapel are covered with paintings in fresco, except the space about ten feet in height from the floor, and that portion was intended to be adorned by tapestries from pictures by Raphael, but, the design being prevented by his immature death, the projected tapestries have no better substitute than paper-hangings. The roof, which is flat at top, and coved or vaulted at the sides, is painted in compartments by Michel Angelo, with frescoes representing the whole progress of the world, and of mankind, from its first formation by the Almighty . . . till after the flood. On one of the sides of the chapel are pictures by Perugino, and other old masters, of subsequent events in sacred history; and the entire wall behind the altar, a vast expanse from the ceiling to the floor, is taken up with Michel Angelo's summing up of the world's history and destinies in his Last Judgment.

There can be no doubt that while these frescos continued in their perfection, there was nothing else

to be compared with the magnificent and solemn beauty of this chapel. Enough of ruined splendor still remains to convince the spectator of all that has departed; but methinks I have seen hardly anything else so forlorn and depressing as it is now, all dusky and dim, even the very lights having passed into shadows, and the shadows into utter blackness; so that it needs a sunshiny day, under the bright Italian heavens, to make the designs perceptible at all. As we sat in the chapel there were clouds flitting across the sky; when the clouds came, the pictures vanished; when the sunshine broke forth, the figures sadly glimmered into something like visibility, — the Almighty moving in chaos, — the noble shape of Adam, the beautiful Eve; and, beneath where the roof curves, the mighty figures of sibyls and prophets, looking as if they were necessarily so gigantic because the thought within them was so massive.

RAPHAEL

G O E T H E

FIRST of all the Cecilia of Raphael! It was exactly what I had been told of it; but now I saw it with my own eyes. He has invariably accomplished that which others wished in vain to accomplish, and I would at present say no more of it than that it is by him. Five saints, side by side, not one of them has anything in common with *us*; however their existence stands so perfectly real that one would wish for the picture to last through eternity, even though for himself he could be con-

tent to be annihilated. But in order to understand Raphael aright, and to form a just appreciation of him, and not to praise him as a god or as Melchisedec "without descent" or pedigree, it is necessary to study his masters and his predecessors. These, too, had a standing on the firm soil of truth; diligently, not to say anxiously, they had laid the foundation, and vied with each other in raising, step by step, the pyramid aloft, until, at last, profiting by all their labors, and enlightened by a heavenly genius, Raphael set the last stone on the summit, above which, or even at which, no one else can ever stand.

CORREGGIO

WILLIAM HAZLITT

HE blends purity with voluptuousness; and the expression of his women is equally characteristic of "the mistress or the saint." His pictures are worked up to the height of the idea he had conceived, with an elaborate felicity; but this idea was evidently first suggested, and afterwards religiously compared with nature.

As to the colouring of Correggio, it is nature itself. Not only is the general tone perfectly true, but every speck and particle is varied in colour, in relief, in texture, with a care, a felicity, and an effect which are almost magical. His light and shade are equally admirable. No one else, perhaps, ever gave the same harmony and roundness to his compositions. So true are his shadows, equally free from coldness, opacity, or false glare;

— so clear, so broken, so airy, and yet so deep, that if you hold your hand so as to cast a shadow on any part of the flesh which is in the light, this part, so shaded, will present exactly the same appearance which the painter has given to the shadowed part of the picture. Correggio indeed possessed a greater variety of excellences in the different departments of his art than any other painter; and yet it is remarkable that the impression which his pictures leave upon the mind of the common spectator is monotonous and comparatively feeble. His style is in some degree mannered and confined. For instance, he is without the force, passion and grandeur of Raphael, who, however, possessed his softness of expression, but of expression only; and in colour, in light and shade, and other qualities, was quite inferior to Correggio. We may, perhaps, solve this apparent contradiction by saying that he applied the power of his mind to a greater variety of objects than others; but that this power was still of the same character, consisting in a certain exquisite sense of the harmonious, the soft and graceful in form, colour, and sentiment, but with a deficiency of strength, and a tendency to effeminacy in all these.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

WALTER PATER

LA GIOCONDA is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it;

and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By means of what strange affinities had the person and the dream grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labour never really com-

pleted, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Here is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought

has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

THE GREAT COLOURISTS

JOHN RUSKIN

TITIAN deepens the hues of his Assumption, as of his Entombment, into a solemn twilight; Tintoret involves his earth in coils of volcanic cloud, and withdraws, through circle flaming above circle, the distant light of Paradise. Both of them, becoming naturalist and human, add the veracity of Holbein's intense portraiture to the glow and dignity they had themselves inherited from the Masters of Peace: at the same moment another, as strong as they, and in pure felicity of art-faculty, even greater than they, but trained in a lower school, — Velasquez, — produced the miracles, of colour and shadow-painting, which made Reynolds say of him, "What we all do with labour, he does with ease"; and one more, Correggio, uniting the sensual element of the Greek schools with their gloom, and their light and their beauty, and all these with the Lombardic colour, became, as since I think it has been admitted without question, the captain of the painter's art as such. Other men have nobler or more numerous gifts, but as a painter, master of the art of laying colour so as to be lovely, Correggio is alone.

GIORGIONE

WALTER PATER

YET enough remains to explain why the legend grew up, above the name, why the name attached itself, in many instances, to the bravest work of other men. The *Concert* in the *Pitti* Palace, in which a monk, with cowl and tonsure, touches the keys of a harpischord, while a clerk, placed behind him, grasps the handle of a viol, and a third, with cap and plume, seems to wait upon the true interval for beginning to sing, is undoubtedly Giorgione's. The outline of the lifted finger, the trace of the plume, the very threads of the fine linen, which fasten themselves on the memory, in the moment before they are lost altogether in that calm unearthly glow, the skill which has caught the waves of wandering sound, and fixed them forever on the lips and hands — these are indeed the master's own; and the criticism which, while dismissing so much hitherto believed to be Giorgione's, has established the claims of this one picture, has left it among the most precious things in the world of art.

TITIAN

GOETHE

IN the year 1520, Titian, then in his fortieth year, produced his celebrated picture of the martyrdom of the Dominican Peter, the background of which, although not the model, may be considered

as the foundation of all the styles of landscape in every school of Europe in the following century. In this admirable union of history and landscape, the scene is on the skirts of a forest, and the time verging towards the close of day, as we may judge from the level and placid movement of the clouds on the deep blue sky, seen under the pendent foliage of the trees which overhang the road. The choice of a low horizon greatly aids the grandeur of the composition; and magnificent as the larger objects and masses of the picture are, the minute plants in the foreground are finished with an exquisite but not obtrusive touch, and even a bird's nest with its callow brood may be discovered among the branches of one of the trees. Amid this scene of amenity and repose, we are startled by the rush of an assassin on two helpless travellers, monks, one of whom is struck down, and the other wounded and flying in the utmost terror. At the top of the picture, through the loftiest branches of the trees, a bright and supernatural light strikes down on the dying man, who sees in the glory a vision of angels bearing the emblems of martyrdom; and illuminating in its descent the stems and foliage, contrasts with the shadowy gloom of the wood. The elder bush, with its pale funereal flowers, introduced over the head of the saint, and the village spire in the distance, the object of his journey, increase the interest and add to the richness of the composition. Admirable also is the contrivance of the tight-drawn drapery, part of the garment of the martyr, which, pressed by the foot of the assassin, pins his victim to the earth. — The noble conception of this great work is equalled, I am told, by its breadth

and its tone, while the extreme minuteness and variety of its details no way impair the unity of its impression.

TITIAN

WILLIAM HAZLITT

TITIAN is at the head of the Venetian school; he is the first of all colourists. In delicacy and purity Correggio is equal to him, but his colouring has not the same warmth and gusto in it. Titian's flesh-colour partakes of the glowing nature of the climate, and of the luxuriousness of the manners of his country. He represents objects not through a merely lucid medium, but as if tinged with a golden light. Yet it is wonderful in how low a tone of local colouring his pictures are painted, — how rigidly his means are husbanded. His most gorgeous effects are produced, not less by keeping down than heightening his colours; the fineness of his gradations adds to their variety and force; and, with him, truth is the same thing as splendour. Everything is done by the severity of his eye, by the patience of his touch. He is enabled to keep pace with nature by never hurrying on before her; and as he forms the broadest masses out of innumerable varying parts and minute touches of the pencil, so he unites and harmonizes the strongest contrasts by the most imperceptible transitions. Every distinction is relieved and broken by some other intermediate distinction, like half-notes in music; and yet all this accumulation of endless variety is so managed as only to produce the majestic simplicity of nature, so that to a common

eye there is nothing extraordinary in his pictures, any more than in nature itself. It is, I believe, owing to what has been here stated, that Titian is, of all painters, at once the easiest and the most difficult to copy. He is the most difficult to copy perfectly, for the artifice of his colouring and execution is hid in its apparent simplicity; and yet the knowledge of nature, and the arrangement of the forms and masses in his pictures, are so masterly that any copy made from them, even the rudest outline or sketch, can hardly fail to have a look of high art. Because he was the greatest colourist in the world, this, which was his most prominent, has, for shortness, been considered as his only, excellence; and he has been said to have been ignorant of drawing. What he was, generally speaking, deficient in, was invention or composition, though even this appears to have been more from habit than want of power; but his drawing of actual forms, where they were not to be put into momentary action, or adapted to a particular expression, was as fine as possible. His drawing of the forms of inanimate objects is unrivalled. His trees have a marked character and physiognomy of their own, and exhibit an appearance of strength or flexibility, solidity or lightness, as if they were endued with conscious power and purposes.

TITIAN

JOHN RUSKIN

THERE is only one way of *seeing* things rightly, and that is, seeing the whole of them, without any choice, or more intense perception of one point than another, owing to our special idiosyncrasies. Thus, when Titian or Tintoret look at a human being, they see at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of colour, of passion, or of thought; saintliness, and loveliness; fleshly body, and spiritual power; grace, or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, those men will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrower people come to look at what they have done, every one may, if he chooses, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colourist, colour; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. Thus, Titian is not soft enough for the sensualist, — Correggio suits him better; Titian is not defined enough for the formalist, — Leonardo suits him better; Titian is not pure enough for the religionist, — Raphael suits him better; Titian is not polite enough for the man of the world, — Vandyke suits him better; Titian

is not forcible enough for the lover of the picturesque — Rembrandt suits him better. So Correggio is popular with a certain set, and Vandyke with a certain set, and Rembrandt with a certain set. All are great men, but of inferior stamp, and therefore Vandyke is popular, and Rembrandt is popular, (and Murillo, of all true painters the narrowest, feeblest and most superficial, for those reasons the most popular) but nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange undercurrent of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they — the consent of those who, having sat long at his feet, have found in that restrained harmony of his strength there are indeed depths of each balanced power more wonderful than all those separate manifestations in inferior painters: that there is a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity loftier than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raphael's.

VERONESE

GOETHE

I PAID a visit to the palace Pisani Moretta, for the sake of a charming picture by *Paul Veronese*. The females of the family of Darius are represented kneeling before Alexander and Hephaestion; his mother, who is in the foreground, mistakes Hephaestion for the king;—turning away from her he points to Alexander. A strange story is told about this painting; the artist had been well re-

ceived and for a long time honorably entertained in the palace; in return he secretly painted the picture and left it behind him as a present, rolled up under his bed. Certainly it well deserves to have had a singular origin, for it gives an idea of all the peculiar merits of this master. The great art with which he manages by a skilful distribution of light and shade, and by an equally clever contrast of the local colors, to produce a most delightful harmony without throwing any sameness of tone over the whole picture, is here most strikingly visible. For the picture is in excellent preservation, and stands before us almost with the freshness of yesterday. Indeed, whenever a painting of this order has suffered from neglect, our enjoyment of it is marred on the spot, even before we are conscious what the cause may be.

Whoever feels disposed to quarrel with the artist on the score of costume has only to say he ought to have painted a scene of the sixteenth century; and the matter is at an end. The gradation in the expression from the mother through the wife to the daughters, is in the highest degree true and happy. The youngest princess, who kneels behind all the rest, is a beautiful girl, and has a very pretty, but somewhat independent and haughty countenance. Her position does not at all seem to please her.

TITIAN AND TINTORET

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

THE greatest difficulty meets the critic who attempts to speak of Titian. To seize the salient characteristics of an artist whose glory is to offer nothing over-prominent, and who keeps the middle path of perfection, is impossible. As complete health may be termed the absence of obtrusive sensation, as virtue has been called the just proportion between two opposite extravagances, so is Titian's art a golden mean of joy unbroken by brusque movements of the passions — a well-tempered harmony in which no thrilling note suggests the possibility of discord. In his work the world and men cease to be merely what they are; he makes them what they ought to be: and this he does by separating what is beautiful in sensuous life from its alloy of painful meditation and of burdensome endeavor. The disease of thought is unknown in his kingdom; no divisions exist between the spirit and the flesh; the will is thwarted by no obstacles. When we think of Titian, we are irresistibly led to think of music. His *Assumption of Madonna* (the greatest single oil-painting in the world, if we except Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*) can best be described as a symphony — a symphony of color, where every hue is brought into harmonious combination — a symphony of movement, where every line contributes to melodious rhythm — a symphony of light without a cloud — a symphony of joy in which the heavens and earth sing Hallelujah.

Tintoretto, in the Scuola di San Rocco, painted an *Assumption of the Virgin* with characteristic energy and impulsiveness. A group of agitated men around an open tomb, a rush of air and clash of seraph wings above, a blaze of glory, a woman borne with sidewise swaying figure from darkness into light — that is his picture, all *brio*, excitement, speed. Quickly conceived, hastily executed, this painting bears the impress of its author's impetuous genius. But Titian worked by a different method. On the earth, among the apostles, there is action enough and passion; ardent faces straining upward, impatient men raising impotent arms and vainly divesting themselves of their mantles, as though they too might follow her they love. In heaven is radiance, half eclipsing the archangel who holds the crown, and revealing the father of spirits in an aureole of golden fire. Between earth and heaven, amid choirs of angelic children, rises the mighty mother of the faith of Christ, who was Mary and is now a goddess, ecstatic yet tranquil, not yet accustomed to the skies, but far above the grossness and the incapacities of earth. Her womanhood is so complete that those for whom the meaning of her Catholic legend is lost may hail in her humanity personified.

The grand manner can reach no further than in this picture — serene, composed, meditated, enduring, yet full of dramatic force and of profound feeling. Whatever Titian chose to touch, whether it was classical mythology or portrait, history or sacred subject, he treated in this large and healthful style. Titian, like nature, waits not for moods or humors in the spectator. He gives to the mind

joy of which it can never weary, pleasures that cannot satiate, a satisfaction not to be repented of, a sweetness that will not pall. The least instructed and the simple feel his influence as strongly as the wise or learned.

CARLO DOLCE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

AFTER Perugino the pictures cease to be interesting; the art came forward with rapid strides, but the painters and their productions do not take nearly so much hold of the spectator as before. They all paint better than Giotto and Cimabue, — in some respects better than Perugino; but they paint in vain, probably because they were not nearly so much in earnest, and meant far less, though possessing the dexterity to express far more. Andrea del Sarto appears to have been a good painter, yet I always turn away readily from his pictures. I looked again, and for a good while, at Carlo Dolce's portrait of the Eternal Father, for it is a miracle and masterpiece of absurdity, and almost equally a miracle of pictorial art. It is the All-powerless, a fair-haired, soft, consumptive deity, with a mouth that has fallen open through very weakness. He holds one hand on his stomach, as if the wickedness and wretchedness of mankind made him qualmish; and he is looking down out of heaven with an expression of pitiable appeal, or as if seeking somewhere for assistance in his heavy task of ruling the Universe. You might fancy such a being falling on his knees before a

strong-willed man, and beseeching him to take the reins of omnipotence out of his hands. No wonder that wrong gets the better of right, and that good and ill are confounded, if the Supreme Head were as here depicted; for I never saw, and nobody else ever was, so perfect a representation, of a person burdened with a task infinitely above his strength. If Carlo Dolce had been wicked enough to know what he was doing, the picture would have been most blasphemous, — a satire, in the very person of the Almighty, against all incompetent rulers, and against the rickety machine and crazy action of the Universe. Heaven forgive me for such thoughts as this picture has suggested! It must be added that the great original defect in the character as here represented is an easy good-nature. I wonder what Michelangelo would have said to this painting.

VELASQUEZ

FREDERIC LORD LEIGHTON

THE Art of Spain was, at the outset, wholly borrowed, and from various sources; we shall see heterogeneous, imported elements, assimilated sometimes in a greater or less degree, frequently flung together in illogical confusion, seldom, if ever, fused into a new, harmonious whole by that inner welding fire which is genius; and we shall see in the sixteenth century a foreign influence received and borne as a yoke — (that of the Italian Renaissance) because no living generative force was there to throw it off — with results too often dreary

beyond measure; and, finally, we shall meet this strange freak of nature, a soil without artistic initiative bringing forth the initiator — observe, I do not say the greatest artist — the greatest initiator perhaps since Lionardo in modern art — except it be his contemporary Rembrandt — Diego Velasquez.

VELASQUEZ

JOHN HAY

WHEN Luca Giordano came from Italy he inquired for this picture, *Las Meninas*, and said on seeing it, "This is the theology of painting." If our theology were what it should be, and cannot be, absolute and unquestionable truth, Luca the Quickworker would have been right. Velasquez was painting the portrait of a stupid little Infanta when the idea came to him of perpetuating the scene just as it was. We know how we have wished to be sure of the exact accessories of past events. The modern rage for theatrical local color is an illustration of this desire. The great artist, who must have honored his art, determined to give to future ages an exact picture of one instant of his glorious life. It is not too much to say he has done this. He stands before his easel, his pencils in hand. The little princess is stiffly posing in the centre. Her little maids are grouped about her. Two hideous dwarfs on the right are teasing a noble dog who is too drowsy and magnanimous to growl. In the background at the end of a long gallery a gentleman is opening a door to the garden. The presence of royalty is indicated by the reflection

of the faces of the king and queen in a small mirror, where you would expect to see your own. The longer you look upon this marvellous painting, the less possible does it seem that it is merely the placing of color on canvas which causes this perfect illusion. It does not seem possible that you are looking at a plane surface. There is a stratum of air before, behind, and beside these figures. You could walk on that floor and see how the artist is getting on with the portrait. There is space and light in this picture, as in any room. Every object is detached, as in the common miracle of the stereoscope. If art consists in making a fleeting moment immortal, if the True is a higher ideal than the Beautiful, then it will be hard to find a greater painting than this. It is utterly without beauty; its tone is a cold olive green-gray; there is not one redeeming grace or charm about it except the noble figure of Velasquez himself — yet in its austere fidelity to truth it stands incomparable in the world. It gained Velasquez his greatest triumph. You see on his breast a sprawling red cross, painted evidently by an unskilful hand. This was the gracious answer made by Philip IV when the artist asked him if anything was wanting to the picture. This decoration, daubed by the royal hand, was the accolade of the knighthood of Santiago, — an honor beyond the dreams of an artist of that day. It may be considered the highest compliment ever paid to a painter, except the one paid by Courbet to himself, when he refused to be decorated by the man of December.

VELASQUEZ

HAVELOCK ELLIS

IN a little room of the Prado Museum, specially constructed for this end, stands the large picture of Velasquez' last period which has long been known as "The Maids of Honour," *Las Meninas*. It is a simple scene in the artist's studio, viewed as the King and Queen, who stood at the same point as the spectator now stands — we see them reflected in the mirror in the background — once viewed it during a moment of rest in the course of a royal sitting. There in the center is the little princess about to accept the refreshment offered by one of the charming maids of honour; there are the two court dwarfs with the big dog who is stolidly reposing; and there, on the left, is the painter himself, erect, with his large canvas, facing us and the royal couple. A typically Spanish picture, indeed the most instructive representation we possess of the life led by Philip IV, it is a natural, unstudied scene, painted in a natural, unstudied way, with large, light, seemingly careless strokes, yet with no parade of assertive brush-work, so that at a little distance the picture presents a smooth surface. Gently, calmly, neither as master nor as slave, but courteously in the Spanish manner, as an equal, the painter seems to stand face to face with Nature. We feel that this is less a picture that has been painted by a brilliant and deliberate expenditure of pigments than a vision that has been mysteriously evoked and that floats before us in its own atmosphere. If by a "miracle" we mean an event

in which the effect is beyond measure out of proportion with the seeming simplicity of the cause, then we may say that of all the great pictures of the world this may most precisely be called miraculous.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND VELASQUEZ

JOHN RUSKIN

NOW, do you recollect the evidence respecting the character of this man (Sir Joshua Reynolds), the two points of bright peculiar evidence given by the sayings of the two greatest literary men of his day, Johnson and Goldsmith? Johnson, who, as you know, was always Reynolds' attached friend, had but one complaint to make against him, that he hated nobody: — "Reynolds," he said, "you hate no one living; I like a good hater!" Still more significant is the little touch in Goldsmith's "Retaliation." You recollect how in that poem he describes the various persons who met at one of their dinners at St. James's Coffee-house, each person being described under the name of some appropriate dish. You will often hear the concluding lines about Reynolds quoted —

"He shifted his trumpet," etc.; —

less often, or at least attentively, the preceding ones, far more important —

"Still born to improve us in every part —
His pencil our faces, his *manners our heart*;"

and never, the most characteristic touch of all, near the beginning: —

“Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Rich is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb.”

The other painter whom I would give you as an instance of this gentleness is a man of another nation, on the whole I suppose one of the most cruel civilized nations in the world, — the Spaniards. They produced but one great painter, only one; but he among the very greatest of painters, Velasquez. You would not suppose, from looking at Velasquez' portraits generally, that he was an especially kind or good man; you perceive a peculiar sternness about them; for they were as true as steel, and the persons whom he had to paint being not generally kind or good people, they were stern in expression, and Velasquez gave the sternness; but he had precisely the same intense perception of truth, the same marvellous instinct for the rendering of all natural soul and all natural form that our Reynolds had. Let me, then, read you his character as it is given by Mr. Stirling, of Keir: —

“Certain charges, of what nature we are not informed, brought against him after his death, made it necessary for his executor, Fuensalida, to refute them at a private audience granted to him by the king for that purpose. After listening to the defence of his friend, Philip immediately made answer: ‘I can believe all that you say of the excellent

disposition of Diego Velasquez.' Having lived for half his life in courts, he was yet capable both of gratitude and generosity, and in the misfortunes, he could remember the early kindness of Olivares. . . . No mean jealousy ever influenced his conduct to his brother artists; he could afford not only to acknowledge the merits, but to forgive the malice, of his rivals. His character was of *that rare and happy kind, in which high intellectual power is combined with indomitable strength of will, and a winning sweetness of temper* and which seldom fails to raise the possessor above his fellow-men, making his life a

'laurelled victory, and smooth success
Bestrewed before his feet.'"

I am sometimes accused of trying to make art too moral; yet, observe, I do not say in the least that in order to be a good painter you must be a good man; but I do say that in order to be a good natural painter there must be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped by other parts of the character. There are hundreds of other gifts of painting which are not at all involved with moral conditions, but this one, the perception of nature, is never given but under certain moral conditions. Therefore, now you have it in your choice; here are your two paths for you: it is required of you to produce conventional ornament, and you may approach the task as the Hindoo does, and as the Arab did, without nature at all, with a chance of approximating your disposition somewhat to that of the Hindoos and Arabs; or as Sir Joshua and Velasquez did, with, not the chance, but the certainty of approximating your disposition, ac-

according to the sincerity of your effort — to the disposition of those great and good men.

HOLBEIN

H E N R Y J A M E S

I WAS admitted unconditionally, ushered into the little drawing-room, and allowed half an hour's undisturbed contemplation of the beautiful Holbein — the famous picture of the Meyer family. The reader interested in such matters may remember the discussion maintained two years since, at the time of the general exhibition of the younger Holbein's works in Dresden, as to the respective merits — and I believe the presumptive priority in date — of this Darmstadt picture and presentation of the same theme which adorns the Dresden Gallery. I forget how the question was settled — whether, indeed, it was settled at all, and I have never seen the Dresden picture, but it seems to me that if I were to choose a Holbein, this one would content me. It represents a sort of plainly lovely Virgin holding her child, crowned with a kind of gorgeous episcopal crown, and worshipped by six kneeling figures — the worthy Goodman Meyer, his wife and their progeniture. It is a wonderfully solid masterpiece, and so full of wholesome human substance that I should think its owner could go about his daily work the better — eat and drink and sleep and perform the various functions of life more largely and smoothly — for having it constantly before his eyes.

REMBRANDT

WILLIAM HAZLITT

IF ever there was a man of genius in the art, it was Rembrandt. He might be said to have created a medium of his own, through which he saw all objects. He was the grossest and least vulgar, that is to say, the least commonplace in his grossness, of all men. He was the most downright, the least fastidious of the imitators of nature. He took any object, he cared not what, how mean soever in form, colour, and expression; and from the light and shade which he threw upon it, it came out gorgeous from his hands. As Vandyke made use of the smallest contrasts of light and shade, and painted as if in the open air, Rembrandt used the most violent and abrupt contrasts in this respect, and painted his objects as if in a dungeon. His pictures may be said to be "bright with excessive darkness." His vision had acquired a lynx-eyed sharpness from the artificial obscurity to which he had accustomed himself. "Mystery and silence hung upon his pencil." Yet he could pass rapidly from one extreme to another, and dip his colours with equal success in the gloom of night or in the blaze of the noon-day sun. In surrounding different objects with a medium of imagination, solemn or dazzling, he was a true poet; in all the rest he was a mere painter, but a painter of no common stamp. The powers of his hand were equal to those of his eye; and, indeed, he could not have attempted the subjects he did, without an execution as masterly as his knowledge was profound.

His colours are sometimes dropped in lumps on the canvas; at other times they are laid on as smooth as glass; and he not unfrequently painted with the handle of his brush. He had an eye for all objects as far as he had seen them. His history and landscapes are equally fine in their way. His landscapes one could look at forever, though there is nothing in them. But "they are of the earth, earthy." It seems as if he had dug them out of nature. Everything is so true, so real, so full of all the feelings and associations which the eye can suggest to the other senses, that we immediately take as strong an affection to them as if they were our home — the very place where we were brought up. No length of time could add to the intensity of the impressions they convey. Rembrandt is the least classical and the most romantic of all painters.

REMBRANDT

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

DISCIPLES at Emmaus, — a marvel, which can be counted among the masterpieces of the painter. This little picture, of poor appearance, of insignificant arrangement, of tarnished colour, of reserved and almost awkward execution, would alone suffice to establish the greatness of a man. Without speaking of the disciple who understands and folds his hands, or of him who is astounded, and, placing his napkin on the table, looks straight at the head of Christ, and says clearly what in ordinary language could be translated by the exclamation of a man in amazement; without speaking of the

young servant with black eyes, who is bringing a dish and sees but one thing, a man who was going to eat but does not eat, and crosses himself with contrition; — one might retain in this unique work only the Christ, and that would be enough. What painter has not made a Christ, at Rome, Florence, Sienna, Milan, Venice, Basle, Bruges or Antwerp? From Leonardo, Raphael, and Titian, to Van Eyck, Holbein, Rubens, and Van Dyck, how has he not been deified, humanized, transfigured, shown in his history, his passion, and his death? How have been recited the adventures of his terrestrial life, how have been conceived the glories of his apotheosis! Has he ever been imagined thus? Pale, emaciated, sitting facing us, breaking the bread as on the evening of the Last Supper, in his pilgrim's robe, with his blackened lips on which the torture has left its traces, his great brown eyes, soft, widely opened, and raised towards heaven, with his cold nimbus, a sort of phosphorescence around him which envelops him in an indefinable glory, and that inexplicable look of a living, breathing human being who certainly has passed through death. The attitude of this divine shade, that gesture impossible to describe, surely impossible to copy, the intense ardor of his countenance, whose type is expressed without features, and whose physiognomy depends upon the movement of his lips and glance, — these things, inspired no one knows where, and produced no one knows how, are all priceless. No art recalls them; no one before Rembrandt, no one after him, has expressed them.

RUBENS

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS WITH
ECKERMANN

GOETHE placed before me a landscape by Rubens.

"You have," said he, "already seen this picture; but one cannot look often enough at anything really excellent; — besides, there is something very particular attached to this. Will you tell me what you see?"

"I begin from the distance," said I. "I see in the remotest background a very clear sky, as if after sunset. Then, still in the extreme distance, a village and a town, in the light of evening. In the middle of the picture there is a road, along which a flock of sheep is hastening to the village. At the right hand of the picture are several haystacks, and a wagon which appears well laden. Unharnessed horses are grazing near. On one side, among the bushes, are several mares with their foals, which appear as if they were going to remain out of doors all night. Then, nearer to the foreground, there is a group of large trees; and lastly, quite in the foreground to the left, there are various labourers returning homewards."

"Good," said Goethe, "that is apparently all. But the principal point is still wanting. All these things, which we see represented, the flock of sheep, the wagon with hay, the horses, the returning labourers, — on which side are they lighted?"

"They receive the light," said I, "from the side turned to us, and the shadow is thrown into the

picture. The returning labourers in the foreground are especially in the light, which produces an excellent effect."

"But how has Rubens produced this beautiful effect?"

"By making these light figures appear on a dark ground," said I.

"But this dark ground," said Goethe, "whence does it arise?"

"It is the powerful shadow," said I, "thrown by the group of trees towards the figures. But how?" continued I, with surprise, "the figures cast their shadows into the picture; the group of trees, on the contrary, cast theirs towards the spectator. We have, thus, light from two different sides, which is quite contrary to Nature."

"That is the point," returned Goethe, with a smile. "It is by this that Rubens proves himself great, and shows to the world that he, with a free spirit, stands *above* Nature, and treats her conformably to his high purposes. The double light is certainly a violent expedient, and you certainly say that it is contrary to nature. But if it is contrary to nature, I still say it is higher than nature; I say it is the bold stroke of the master, by which he, in a genial manner, proclaims to the world that art is not entirely subject to natural necessities, but has laws of its own.

"The artist," continued Goethe, "must, indeed, in his details faithfully and reverently copy nature; he must not, arbitrarily, change the structure of the bones, or the position of the muscles and sinews of an animal, so that the peculiar character is destroyed. This would be annihilating nature.

But in the higher regions of artistical production, by which a picture really becomes a picture, he has freer play and here he may have recourse to *fictions*, as Rubens has done with the double light in this landscape.

"The artist has a twofold relation to nature; he is at once her master and her slave. He is her slave, inasmuch as he must work with earthly things, in order to be understood; but he is her master, inasmuch as he subjects these earthly means to his higher intentions, and renders them subservient.

"The artist would speak to the world through an entirety; however, he does not find this entirety in nature; but it is the fruit of his own mind, or, if you like it, of the aspiration of a fructifying divine breath.

"If we observe this landscape by Rubens only slightly, everything appears as natural to us as if it had been copied exactly from nature. But this is not the case. So beautiful a picture has never been seen in nature."

RUBENS

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

I SPEAK of the Communion of St. Francis of Assisi. The scene represents a dying man, a priest offering him the Host, and monks who surround him, aiding, sustaining, and mourning over him. The saint is naked, the priest in a golden chasuble, faintly tinted with carmine, the two acolytes of the priest in white stoles, the monks in

robes of cloth, dark brown or gray. Surrounding them is a strait and sombre architecture, a reddish dais, a bit of blue sky; and in that azure gap, just above the saint, three rosy angels, flying like heavenly birds, form a soft and radiant crown. The aspect is composed of the most simple elements, the gravest colors, and a most severe harmony. To sum up the picture in a rapid glance, you perceive but a vast bituminous canvas of austere style, where everything is in low tone, and where three accidents alone are perfectly evident from afar: the saint in his livid meagreness; the Host toward which he leans; and above, at the summit of that triangle so tenderly expressive, a vista of rose and silver into a happy eternity, — a smile of the half-opened heaven of which we assuredly have need.

Here is no pomp, no ornament, no turbulence, nor violent gestures, nor grace, nor fine clothing, not one lovely or useless incident, nothing which does not appertain to a cloistral life at its most solemn moment. A dying man, worn with age and a life of sanctity, has left his bed of ashes to be borne to the altar; he longs to die there while he receives the sacred elements, but fears to fail before the Host has touched his lips. He makes an effort to kneel, but cannot. All his movements are over, the chill of the last moments has seized his limbs, his arms make that inward gesture which is the certain sign of approaching death; he is distorted, out of his axis, and would break at all his joints were he not supported by the armpits. The only thing living about him is his small and humid eye, clear, blue, fevered, glassy, with red

lids, dilated by the ecstasy of the last vision, and upon his lips, livid with his agony, the wonderful smile of the dying, and the yet more wonderful smile of the righteous believer, who, filled with hope, awaits his end, hastens to meet his salvation, and looks upon the Host as upon his present Lord.

Around the dying man there is weeping, and those who weep are grave, men, robust, tried, and resigned. Never was grief more sincere or more sympathetic than this virile tenderness of men of warm blood and great faith. Some restrain themselves, others give way to grief. Some are young, stout, ruddy, and healthy, who strike their breasts with their clenched fists, and whose grief would be noisy if it could be heard. There is one grizzled and bald monk, with a Spanish head, hollow cheeks, thin beard, and pointed mustache, who is sobbing gently within himself, with that tension of feature of a man who restrains himself until his teeth chatter. All these magnificent heads are portraits. The type is admirable in its truthfulness; the design simple, learned, and powerful; the coloring incomparably rich in its shaded, delicate, and beautiful sobriety. Here are clustered heads, joined hands clasped fervently and convulsively, bared foreheads, intense glances, — some reddened by emotion, and others, on the contrary, pale and cold as old ivory; the two acolytes, one of whom holds the censer, and wipes his eyes with the back of his sleeve; — all this group of men, differently moved, sobbing, or masters of themselves, forms a circle around the unique head of the saint, and the little white crescent held like a lunar disk in the pale hand of the priest. It is all inexpressibly fine.

Such is the moral value of this exceptional page of Rubens at Antwerp, and — who knows, — perhaps of all the work of Rubens, that I should almost fear to profane it in speaking of its exterior merits, which are not less eminent. I will only say that this great man has never been more master of his thought, his sentiment, and his hand; his conception has never been more serene or of wider range; his notion of the human soul has never seemed more profound; he was never been more noble or more healthful, richer in colour without extravagance, more scrupulous in the drawing of the parts, or more surprising in his execution. This marvel is dated 1619. What noble years! The time in which he painted it is not given, perhaps a few days only. What days! When this unequalled work, in which Rubens is transfigured, has been long examined, it is impossible to look at anything or anybody, — neither others, nor Rubens himself, — we must for today leave the museum.

RUYSDAEL

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

OF all the Dutch painters, Ruysdael is the one who most nobly resembles his country. He has its breadth, its sadness, its rather dreary placidity, and its monotonous and tranquil charm.

Ruysdael paints as he thinks, healthily, strongly, largely. The exterior quality of the labor indicates quite plainly the ordinary condition of his mind. There is in this sober, careful, rather proud painting an inexpressible, sad haughtiness, which is

recognized from far, and at hand captivates by a charm of natural simplicity and noble familiarity wholly his own. A canvas by Ruysdael is a whole, wherein are felt an arrangement, a comprehensive view, and a master-intention, — the determination to paint once for all one of the features of his country, perhaps also the desire to fix the memory of a moment of his life. A solid foundation; a need of constructing and organizing, of subordinating details to the whole, colour to effect, interest in objects to the plane that they occupy; a perfect knowledge of natural and technical laws, and with all that a certain disdain for the useless, the too agreeable, or the superfluous; a great taste combined with great good sense; a strong hand calm with the calmly beating heart, — such is nearly what one discovers in analyzing a picture by Ruysdael.

A picture by Ruysdael, whatever it may be, — the finest are, of course, the most significant, — is an entire painting, full and strong, in its principle grayish above, brown or greenish below, which rests solidly with its four corners upon the shining flutings of the frame; it seems dark at a distance, but is penetrated with light when approached; it is beautiful in itself, with no vacancy, with few digressions, like a lofty and sustained thought which has for language a tongue of the most powerful kind.

Elegiac or not, but surely a poet, if Ruysdael had written instead of painted, I think he would have written in prose instead of verse. Verse admits of too much fancy and stratagem, prose compels too great sincerity, for this clear mind not to

have preferred its language to the other. As to the depths of his nature, he was a dreamer, — one of those men of whom there are many in our time, though they were rare at the epoch in which Ruysdael was born, — one of those solitary ramblers who fly from towns, frequent the suburbs, sincerely love the country, feel it without emphasis, relate it without phrasing, who are made restless by far-off horizons, charmed by level expanses, affected by a shadow, and enchanted by a gleam of sunshine.

HOGARTH

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY

THE famous set of pictures called “Marriage à la Mode” and which are now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet — as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere; on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking glasses; on the dogs; on his lordship’s very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great

baldaquin behind him; under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand-pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward (a Methodist — therefore a hypocrite and cheat: for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage-ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father; as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the Earl himself as a young man) with a comet over his head indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture, the old lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening

to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the "Rose," to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist party over and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavoring to escape. My lady goes back, perforce to the Alderman in the city, and faints upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world. Moral:—Don't listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors; don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money; don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband; don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace and Tyburn. The people are all naughty and Bogy carries them all off.

What manner of man was he who executed these portraits—so various, so faithful, and so admirable? In the National Collection of Pictures most of us have seen the best and most carefully

finished series of his comic paintings, and the portrait of his own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine out from the canvas, and give you an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero; you see him before you, and can fancy what he was — a jovial, honest London citizen, stout and sturdy; a hearty, plain-spoken man, loving his laugh, his friend, his glass, his roast-beef of Old England.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

JOHN RUSKIN

I AM inclined to think that, considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, there was perhaps hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyke had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest types of all feminine and childish loveliness; — that in a northern climate, and with gray, and white, and black, as the principal colours around him, he yet became a colourist who can be crushed by none, even of the Venetians; — and

that with Dutch painting and Dresden china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne — I know not that in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble.

COROT

ÉMILE MICHEL

THE passing of years failed to impair Corot's invincible youthfulness. In 1873, he painted the admirable landscape now in the Thomy-Thièry collection, known as the *Arras Road*. In reality, this is the village of Sin-le-Noble, near Douai. Corot was 77 years of age at the time, but he rose at five in the morning and devoted five sittings to this work. His animation and enthusiasm can be seen in the execution. He was as happy as a child during the pleasant hours spent face to face with nature. Never in his life had he been more inspired, and the joy he felt in painting this delightful work is communicated to those who look at it. It attracts one's attention from afar by its perfect harmony, by the pureness of the morning light and the exquisite softness of the slightly misty day. It is a delight to gaze for a long time at this picture, gradually discovering all its grace and poetry.

Corot brings to our notice little unknown spots, which we should otherwise have passed indifferently, and he makes us look at them with his

eyes and feel the charm that he discovered and which he communicated to all that he touched. Every year, at the beginning of Spring, he was in a hurry to leave Paris, and to go to the fields. Fascinated and deeply touched by the mysterious awakening of all vegetation, he liked to be near enough to watch its daily progress, while after being shut up the whole winter in his studio, he loved to feel himself gradually growing young again by inhaling the fresh, vivifying air and by refreshing his eyesight with all the delicate and fleeting harmonies of spring. To the venerable artist these were privileged moments, and one feels, in the more delicate technique of his later studies and in their more exquisite gradations of colour, a sort of emotion mingled with the joy of painting. When, towards the end of his life, Corot was obliged to economize his strength and could not allow himself these long intervals of pure enjoyment, he never could look without deep emotion at the studies which recalled them to his mind.

"Behind the trunk of that white poplar," he said to me, one day, pointing to a certain picture, "a blackbird sang the whole of one afternoon. I can hear its sonorous little voice now, and I tried to make others hear it, but that season which is so delightful to watch is terrible to depict. The painter can neither give an idea of all the delicious odours nor yet of all the songs in the air announcing the near approach of spring."

Corot continued tranquilly along his own path, never deviating in any way, and in the end, the originality of his style won for him the fervent admiration of many of his brother artists. He was

able to enjoy the pleasure of being comprehended and was greatly touched by the tokens of sympathy he received. A landscape painter, who was very much in love with his work, was somewhat reserved in expressing his admiration.

"Go on," said Corot, "don't hesitate. I have not been spoiled by praise, and if I get a little extra today it will only make up for the past."

"Corot is a true artist," wrote Delacroix, after paying him a visit on the 14th of March, 1847. "One must see a painter in his own home in order to have an idea of his merit. I saw there, and appreciated in quite a different way, pictures that I had already seen in the Salon and which had not then struck me particularly. He told me to go straight ahead always and to take what came in my way. He does this himself generally and he does not believe that one can ever make a picture beautiful merely by taking infinite pains."

Yet Corot never spared himself any trouble. When comparing him with his contemporaries, tormented as they were by continual anxiety and hesitation, it is evident that at an early age he had known what his own aspirations really were. He was very kindly disposed towards young artists and liked giving them advice, based on his own experience. He recommended them first to establish and then work up the form, as that was absolutely essential. Above everything else, he advised them to obey their instinct conscientiously and sincerely, and their own way of seeing, and not to trouble about anything else. These were rules which he had followed himself, in spite of the fun some of his comrades made of him. They had not approved

of his works, and yet, later, these very works had been greatly in demand. "Nature," he went on to say, "is never two minutes alike, it changes constantly, according to the season, according to the weather, the hour, the light, the cold or the heat. All this constitutes its expression and it is just this which one must translate well. One day it is this, another day that, and when once the artist has taken in all its different aspects he must make a whole of it and this whole will be like nature if the artist has seen properly." These ideas were also shared by Constable.

TURNER AND TITIAN

JOHN RUSKIN

BORN half-way between the mountains and the sea — that young George of Castelfranco — of the Brave Castel: — Stout George they called him, George of Georges, so goodly a boy he was — Giorgione.

Have you ever thought what world his eyes opened on — fair, searching eyes of youth? What a world of mighty life, from those mountain roots to the shore; of loveliest life, when he went down, yet so young, to the marble city — and became himself as a fiery heart to it?

A city of marble, did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible

as the sea — the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantel-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable — every word a fate, sate her senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottages, nor straw built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and

fiery clouds ranging at their will;—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school—such Titian's home.

Near the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled, in this year (1860) with a row of bottles, connected in some defunct manner with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now—never certainly a cheerful one—wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoebuckles and wigs:—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

“Bello ovile dov'io dormii agnello”: of things

beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep furrowed cabbage leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift: who, such as they are, loves them — never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne Lake or Venetian lagoon — by Thames' shore we will die.

With such circumstances round him in youth, let us note what necessary effects followed upon the boy. I assume him to have had Giorgione's sensibility (and more than Giorgione's, if that is possible) to colour and form. I tell you farther, and this fact you may receive trustfully, that his sensibility to human affection and distress was no less keen than even his sense for natural beauty — heart-sight deep as eyesight.

Consequently, he attaches himself with the faithfullest child-love to everything that bears an image of the place he was born in. No matter

how ugly it is — has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure ugliness which no one else, of the same sensibility, would have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity — anything fishy and muddy, like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market, had great attraction for him; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog.

You will find these tolerations and affections guiding or sustaining him to the last hour of his life; the notablist of all such endurances being that of dirt. No Venetian ever draws anything foul; but Turner devoted picture after picture to the illustration of effects of dinginess, smoke, soot, dust, and dusty texture; old sides of boats, weedy roadside vegetables, dung-hills, straw-yards, and all the soilings and strains of every common labour.

And more than this, he not only could endure, but enjoyed and looked for *litter*, like Covent Garden wreck after the market. His pictures are often full of it, from side to side; their foregrounds differ from all other in the natural way that things have of lying about in them. Even his richest vegetation, in ideal work, is confused; and he delights in shingle, debris, and heaps of fallen stones. The last words he ever spoke to me about a picture were in gentle exultation about his St. Gothard: "that *litter* of stones which I endeavored to represent."

The second great result of this Covent Garden training was, understanding of and regard for the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised;

whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved — understood. He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew, in good and evil, what both classes thought of, and how they dealt with, each other.

Reynolds and Gainsborough, bred in country villages, learned there the country boy's reverential theory of "the squire" and kept it. They painted the squire and the squire's lady as centres of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives. But Turner perceived the younger squire in other aspects about his lane, occurring prominently in its night scenery, as a dark figure, or one of two, against the moonlight. He saw also the working of city commerce, from endless warehouse, towering over Thames, to the back shop in the lane, with its stale herrings — highly interesting these last; one of his father's best friends, whom he often afterwards visited affectionately at Bristol, being a fishmonger, and glue-boiler; which gives us a friendly turn of mind towards herring-fishing, whaling, Calais possardes, and many other of our choicest subjects in after life; all this being connected with that mysterious forest below London Bridge on one side; — and on the other, with these masses of human power and national wealth which weigh upon us, at Covent Garden here, with strange compression, and crush us into narrow Hand Court.

"That mysterious forest below London Bridge" — better for the boy than wood of pine, or grove

of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring and clambering; — these the only quite beautiful things he can see in all the world, except the sky; but these, when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably; which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures — red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gunwales, true knights, over their castle parapets — the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London world. And Trafalgar happening long before we can draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current stories out of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show Nelson's funeral streaming up the Thames; and vow that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished — once, with all our might, for its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory; thrice, in pensive farewell to the old *Téméraire*, and, with it, to that order of things.

SINCERITY

SAMUEL BUTLER

IT is not enough that the painter should make the spectator feel what he meant him to feel; he must also make him feel that this feeling was shared by the painter himself *bona fide* and without affecta-

tion. Of all the lies a painter can tell the worst is saying that he likes what he does not like. But the poor wretch seldom knows himself; for the art of knowing what gives him pleasure has been so neglected that it has been lost to all but a very few. The old Italians knew well enough what they liked and were as children in saying it.

Section IV

SCULPTURE

REPOSE

JOHN RUSKIN

HENCE I think that there is no desire more intense or more exalted than that which exists in all rightly disciplined minds for the evidences of repose in external signs, and what I cautiously said respecting infinity, I say fearlessly respecting repose, that no work of art can be great without it, and that all art is great in proportion to the appearance of it. It is the most unfailing test of beauty, whether of matter or of motion, nothing can be ignoble that possesses it, nothing right that has it not, and in strict proportion to its appearance in the work is the majesty of mind to be inferred in the artificer. Without regard to other qualities, we may look to this for our evidence, and by the search for this alone we may be led to the rejection of all that is base, and the accepting of all that is good and great, for the paths of wisdom are all peace. We shall see by this light three colossal images standing up side by side, looming in their great rest of spirituality above the whole world horizon, Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Dante; and then, separated from their great religious thrones only by less fullness and

earnestness of Faith, Homer, and Shakespeare; and from these we may go down step by step among the mighty men of every age, securely and certainly observant of diminished lustre in every appearance of restlessness and effort, until the last trace of true inspiration vanishes in the tottering affections of the tortured insanities of modern times. There is no art, no pursuit, whatsoever, but its results may be classed by this test alone; everything of evil is betrayed and winnowed away by it, glitter and confusion and glare of color, inconsistency or absence of thought, forced expression, evil choice of subject, over accumulation of materials, whether in painting or literature; pretence, over decoration, over division of parts in architecture, and again in music, in acting, in dancing, in whatsoever art, great or mean, there are yet degrees of greatness or meanness entirely dependent on this single quality of repose.

I believe that by comparing the disgusting convulsions of the Laocoön, with the Elgin Theseus, we may obtain a general idea of the effect of the influence, as shown by its absence in one, and presence in the other, of two works which, as far as artistical merit is concerned, are in some measure parallel, not that I believe, even in this respect, the Laocoön justifiably comparable with the Theseus.

In the Cathedral of Lucca, near the entrance door of the north transept, there is a monument of Jacopo della Quercia's to Illaria di Caretto, the wife of Paolo Guinigi. I name it not as more beautiful or perfect than other examples of the same period, but as furnishing an instance of the exact and right mean between the rigidity and rudeness

of the earlier monumental effigies, and the morbid imitation of life, sleep, or death, of which the fashion has taken place in modern times. She is lying on a simple couch, with a hound at her feet, not on the side, but with the head laid straight and simply on the hard pillow, in which, let it be observed, there is no effort at deceptive imitation of pressure. It is understood as a pillow, but not mistaken for one. The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet, there is that about them which forbids breath, something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both. The hands are not lifted in prayer, neither folded, but the arms are laid at length upon the body, and the hands cross as they fall. The feet are hidden by the drapery, and the forms of the limbs concealed, but not their tenderness.

If any of us, after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which, in these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey.

THE SPHYNX

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

NEAR the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but

the comeliness is not of this world: the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty — some mould of beauty now forgotten — forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Aegean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly-wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss you your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard, the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity — unchangefulness in the midst of change — the same seeming will and intent forever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings — upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors — upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire — upon battle and pestilence — upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race — upon keen-eyed travellers — Herodotus yesterday, and Warburton today — upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, straining far over to

hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphynx.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES

T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON

FIRST fashioned he a shield great and strong, adorning it all over, and set thereto a shining rim, triple, bright glancing, and therefrom a silver baldrick. Five were the folds of the shield itself, we are told, and therein fashioned he much cunning work from his wise heart. There wrought he the earth and the heavens, and the sea, and the unwearying sun, and the moon waxing to the full, and the signs every one wherewith the heavens are crowned, Pleiads and Hyads and Orion's might, and the Bear that men call also the Wain, her that turneth in her place and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean."

Therein too he set all the characteristic scenes of human life, and among them the scene of a field a-ploughing, and one or two other scenes of a like kind, of outdoor life, which I will now go back to, to illustrate my theme of the nobility and beauty of labour artistically conceived:—

"Furthermore he set in the shield a soft fresh-ploughed field, rich tilth and wide, the third time ploughed: and many ploughers therein drave their

yokes to and fro as they wheeled about. Whensoever they came to the boundary of the field and turned, then would a man come to each and give into his hands a goblet of sweet wine; while others would be turning back along the furrows, fain to reach the boundary of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind and seemed as it were a-ploughing, albeit of gold, for this was the great marvel of the work.

“Furthermore he set therein a demesne land deep in corn, where hinds were reaping with sharp sickles in their hands. Some armfuls along the swaths were falling in rows to the earth, while others the sheaf binders were binding in twisted bands of straw. Three sheaf binders stood over them, while, behind, boys gathering corn and bearing it in their arms, gave it constantly to the binders; and among them the lord in silence was standing at the swath with his staff, rejoicing in his heart. And henchmen apart, beneath an oak, were making ready a feast, and preparing a great ox they had sacrificed: while the women were stewing much white barley to be a supper for the hinds.”

So much for ploughing and sowing and reaping and harvests.

Here is another picture of a like kind too beautiful to be omitted: —

“Also he set therein a vineyard, teeming plentifully with clusters, wrought fair in gold, black were the grapes, but the vine hung throughout on silver poles. And around he ran a ditch of Cyanus, and round that a fence of tin; and one single pathway led to it, whereby the vintagers might go, when they should gather the vintage. And maidens

and striplings, in childish glee bare the sweet fruit in plaited baskets. And in the midst of them a boy made pleasant music on a clear-toned viol, and sang thereto a sweet Linus-song with delicate voice: while the rest, with feet falling together, kept time with the music and the song."

My object only is to show what an industry may be, how beautiful in itself and in its implements and in the picture which it yields to the imagination, when it is dwelt upon for its own sake as well as for its results: when, in short, it is treated in the spirit of a noble art.

I would have you to mark, beyond the substantive beauty of the description, that in executing on the shield of Achilles his great conception of all the deeds of mankind, the Artist took care to set them amid the wide heavens, and to direct the attention of the onlooker to the superb onrolling and unfolding of that silent universe which is still our own home today, to the sea, to the unwearying sun, and the moon waxing to the full, and to the signs every one wherewith the heavens are crowned — Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might, and the Bear that men call the Wain, her that turneth in her place and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no place in the bath of Ocean. This I take to be the universal note of all high Art, this recognition of the eternal in the heavens, and this setting of the deeds of mankind into harmony with it.

Art implies a certain lofty environment, and is itself an adjustment to that environment, of all that can be done by mankind within it. Art as a great function of human imagination is not the creation of isolated objects of beauty, though

isolated objects of beauty may indeed be created by Art, and in themselves resume all that is beautiful, orderly, restful, and stable in the artist's conception of that environment. Still less is it, what some may seem to imagine, the objects of beauty themselves. It is something — it is *much* — more. Art is, or should be, alive, alive and an universal stimulus. It is that spirit of order and seemliness, of dignity and sublimity which, acting in unison with the great procession of natural forces in their own orderly evolution, tends to make out of a chaos of egotistic passions a great power of disinterested social action: which tends to make out of the seemingly meaningless satisfaction of our daily and annual needs a beautiful exercise of our innumerable gifts of fancy and invention, an exercise which may be its own exceeding great reward, and come to seem to be indeed *the* end for which the needs were made.

The shield of Achilles depicted the life of man as a whole, artistically conceived. It set it amid the heavens in unison therewith, and around the uttermost rim of the shield the artist set the all-embracing River of Ocean. That river of ocean may stand for the limit of man's knowledge of the universe at that time. The Homeric Greek imaged the world to himself as flat, flowed round by the River of Ocean. And yet even at that time, we may suppose, the world was round and immersed in illimitable aether. The mind of the Greek, then, was not in fact, however it might be in spirit, in conscious unison with the world without him. Since that day the horizon of man's knowledge has been pushed indefinitely beyond the limitation set

by the imaginary River of Ocean. The content of man's mind has been immensely changed. It is this new content which awaits the hand of the artist. It is dead as yet, a dead world. It waits the touch of art to make it live, to kindle it into life.

I have defined the function of Art: it is the setting in order the house of mankind. I now define the future of art: it is the setting in order the house of mankind in exalted consciousness of the environment amid which it is placed.

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING

G. LOWES DICKINSON

SCULPTURE and painting, in fact, to the Greeks, were not merely a medium of aesthetic pleasure; they were ways of expressing and interpreting national life. As such they were subordinated to religion. The primary end of sculpture was to make statues of the gods and heroes; the primary end of painting was to represent mythological scenes; and in either case the purely aesthetic pleasure was also a means to a religious experience.

Let us take, for example, the statue of Zeus at Olympia, the most famous of the works of Pheidias. This colossal figure of ivory and gold was doubtless according to all the testimony we possess, from a merely aesthetic point of view, among the most consummate creations of human genius. But what was the main aim of the artist who made it? What the main effect on the spectator? The artist had

designed and the spectator seemed to behold a concrete image of that Homeric Zeus who was the centre of his religious consciousness — the Zeus who “nodded his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the King’s immortal head, and he made great Olympus quake.” “Those who approach the temple,” says Lucian, “do not conceive that they see ivory from the Indies or gold from the mines of Thrace; no? but the very son of Kronos and Rhea, transported by Pheidias to earth and set to watch over the lonely plain of Pisa.” “He was,” says Dion Chrysostom, “the type of that unattained ideal; Hellas come to unity with herself; in expression at once mild and awful, as befits the giver of life and all good gifts, the common father, savior and guardian of men, dignified as a king, tender as a father, awful as giver of laws, kind as protector of suppliants and friends, simple and great as giver of increase and wealth; revealing, in a word, in form and countenance, the whole array of gifts and qualities proper to his supreme divinity.”

The description is characteristic of the whole aim of Greek sculpture, — the representation not only of beauty, but of character, not only of character but of character idealized. The statues of the various gods derive their distinguishing individuality not merely from their association with conventional symbols, but from a concrete reproduction, in features, expression, drapery, pose, of the ethical and intellectual qualities for which they stand. An Apollo differs in type from a Zeus, an Athene from a Demeter; and in every case the artist works from an intellectual conception, bent not simply on a graceful harmony of lines, but on

the representation of a character at once definite and ideal.

Primarily, then, Greek sculpture was an expression of the national religion; and therefore, also, of the national life. For, as we saw, the cult of the gods was the centre, not only of the religious but of the political consciousness of Greece; and an art which was born and flourished in the temple and the sacred grove, naturally became the exponent of the ideal aspect of the state. It was thus, for example, that the Parthenon at Athens was at once the centre of the worship of Athene, and a symbol of the corporate life over which she presided; the statue of the goddess having as its appropriate complement the frieze over which the spirit of the city moved in stone. And thus, too, the statues of the victors at the Olympian games were dedicated in the sacred precinct, as a memorial of what was not only an athletic meeting, but also at once a centre of Hellenic unity and the most consummate expression of that aspect of their culture which contributed at least as much to their aesthetic as to their physical perfection.

Sculpture, in fact, throughout was subordinated to religion, and through religion to national life; and it was from this that it derived its ideal and intellectual character. And, so far as our authorities enable us to judge, the same is true of painting. The great pictures of which we have descriptions were painted to adorn temples and public buildings, and represented either mythological or national themes. Such, for example, was the great work of Polygnotus at Delphi, in which was depicted on the one hand the sack of Troy, on the

other, the descent of Odysseus into Hades; and such his representation of the battle of Marathon, in the painted porch that led to the Acropolis of Athens. And even the vase paintings of which we have innumerable examples, and which are mere decorations of common domestic utensils, have often enough some story of gods and heroes for their theme, whereby over and above their purely aesthetic value they made their appeal to the general religious consciousness of Greece. Painting, like sculpture, had its end, in a sense, outside itself; and from this very fact derived its peculiar dignity, simplicity, and power.

From this account of the plastic art of the Greeks it follows as a simple corollary, that their aim was not merely to reproduce, but to transcend nature. For their subject was gods and heroes, and heroes and gods were superior to men. Of this idealizing tendency we have in sculpture evidence enough in the many examples which have been preserved to us; and with regard to painting there is a curious literary testimony to the same effect. Aristotle, for example, remarks that "even if it is impossible that men should be such as Zeuxis painted them, yet it is better that he should paint them so; for the example ought to excel that for which it is an example." And in an imaginary conversation recorded between Socrates and Parrhasius the artist admits without any hesitation that more pleasure is to be derived from pictures of men who are morally good than from those of men who are morally bad. In the Greek view, in fact, as we saw, physical and moral excellence went together, and it was excellence they sought to depict in their

art; not merely aesthetic beauty, though that was a necessary presupposition, but on the top of that, ideal types of character representative of their conception of the hero and the god. Art, in a word, was subordinate to the ethical ideal; or rather the ethical and aesthetic ideals were not yet dissociated; and the greatest artists the world has ever known worked deliberately under the direction and inspiration of the ideas that controlled and determined the life of their time.

REPOSE IN GREEK ART

WILLIAM HAZLITT

IN a general way it may be laid down as a rule, that the most perfect of the antiques are the most simple, — those which affect the least action, or violence of passion, — which repose the most on natural beauty of form, and a certain expression of sweetness and dignity, that is, which remain most nearly in that state in which they could be copied from nature without straining the limbs or features of the individual, or racking the invention of the artist. This tendency of Greek art to repose has indeed been reproached with insipidity by those who had not a true feeling of beauty and sentiment. I, however, prefer these models of habitual grace or internal grandeur to the violent distortions of suffering in the Laocoön.

In general, then, I would be understood to maintain that the beauty and grandeur so much admired in the Greek statues were not a voluntary fiction of the brain of the artist, but existed substantially

in the forms from which they were copied, and by which the artist was surrounded. A striking authority in support of these observations, which has in some measure been lately discovered, is to be found in the *Elgin Marbles*, taken from the Acropolis at Athens, and supposed to be the works of the celebrated Phidias. The process of fastidious refinement and indefinite abstraction is certainly not visible there. The figures have all the ease, the simplicity, and variety of individual nature. Even the details of the subordinate parts, the loose hanging folds in the skin, the veins under the belly or on the sides of the horses, more or less swelled as the animal is more or less in action, are given with scrupulous exactness. This is true nature and true art. In a word, these invaluable remains of antiquity are precisely like casts taken from life. The *ideal* is not the preference of that which exists only in the mind to that which exists in nature; but the preference of that which is fine in nature to that which is less so. There is nothing fine in art but what is taken almost immediately, and, as it were, in the mass, from what is finer in nature. Where there have been the finest models in nature, there have been the finest works of art.

Grandeur of conception, truth of nature, and purity of taste, seem to have been at their height when the masterpieces which adorned the Temple of Minerva at Athens, of which we have only these imperfect fragments, were produced. Compared with these, the later Greek statues display a more elaborate workmanship, more of the artifices of style. The several parts are more uniformly balanced, made more to tally like modern periods;

each muscle is more equally brought out, and more highly finished as a part, but not with the same subordination of each part to the whole. If some of these wonderful productions have a fault, it is the want of that entire and naked simplicity which pervades the whole of the *Elgin Marbles*.

PARTHENON SCULPTURES

A. S. MURRAY

WHEN the Parthenon stood forth complete on the Acropolis of Athens in or about the year 438 B.C. there was no other building in the whole of Greece comparable even in the mere extent and variety of its sculptures. Imagine a frieze 522 feet in length sculptured all along with figures nearly half life-size, in many parts densely crowded till the marble could carry no more, the whole in very low relief, and executed with marvelous detail. Above the columns externally and round all the four sides of the temple were ninety two metopes, each consisting of a group of two figures two-thirds life size, in the highest possible relief, and full of the most beautiful workmanship. Within each of the two pediments or gables was an immense group of statues, the smallest equal to life size, the central figures colossal. Lastly, inside the Parthenon was the stupendous statue of Athene herself in gold and ivory by Pheidias. It was he who directed the whole of the work.

The greater the extent and variety of the sculptures the more urgent was the need of a unifying purpose to bring the whole together into one

scheme. The Parthenon was a new temple to the goddess Athene. To her the sculpture necessarily turned for inspiration. Her birth, her influence on the civilization of mankind, her special services to Attica, and the consequent gratitude of the Athenians, these were the themes which naturally arose in his mind. Accordingly, in the east pediment, the most conspicuous place externally, he gave the birth of the goddess. In the metopes we have a long series of combats with barbarism, in which we may trace the state of things which she was born to rectify. In the west pediment she herself encounters her rival, Poseidon, and defeats him. All this is shown on the external sculptures. Within the colonnade the whole frieze is occupied with solemnities in honour of the gods, while inside the Parthenon itself the gratitude of the Athenians was seen culminating in the new colossal statue of gold and ivory.

To borrow the language of the drama, the east pediment may be called Act I, representing the surprise of the birth of Athene. The metopes may be described as a long choral ode, showing how greatly her presence was needed by mankind in its conflicts with barbarism. The west pediment was Act II, illustrating the encounter between Athene and Poseidon. Then followed the frieze, equivalent to another long choral ode, describing the solemnity and pomp with which the Athenians accompanied their gift of a new robe to their goddess. The chryselephantine statue may be compared to a concluding burst of joy.

THE PARTHENON MARBLES

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

WILKIE proposed that we should go and see the Elgin Marbles as he had an order. I agreed, dressed, and away we went to Park Lane. I had no more notion of what I was to see than of anything I had never heard of, and walked in with the utmost nonchalance.

Young, strong and enthusiastic, with no sickness, no debilities, full of hope, believing all the world as honourable as ourselves, wishing harm to no one and incredulous of any wishing harm to us, we streamed on in a perpetual round of innocent enjoyment, and I look back on these hours, as the most uninterrupted by envy, the least harrassed by anxiety, and the fullest of unalloyed pleasure, of all that have crossed the path of my life.

Such being the condition of our minds, no opportunity for improvement was ever granted to the one which he did not directly share with the other; and naturally when Wilkie got this order for the marbles his first thought was that I would like to go.

To Park Lane then we went, and after passing through the hall and thence into an open yard, entered a damp dirty pent-house where lay the marbles ranged within sight and reach. The first thing I fixed my eyes on was the wrist of a figure in one of the female groups, in which were visible, though in a feminine form, the radius and ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I darted my eye to the elbow, and saw the outer condyle

visibly affecting the shape as in nature. I saw that the arm was in repose and the soft parts in relaxation. That combination of nature and idea which I had felt was so much wanting for high art was here displayed to midday conviction. My heart beat! If I had seen nothing else I had beheld sufficient to keep me to nature for the rest of my life. But when I turned to the Theseus and saw that every form was altered by action or repose, — when I saw that the two sides of his back varied, one side stretched from the shoulder blade being pulled forward, and the other side compressed from the shoulder blade being pushed close to the spine as he rested on his elbow, with the belly flat because the bowels fell into the pelvis as he sat, — and when, turning to the Ilyssus, I saw the belly protrude from the figure lying on its side, — and again, when in the figure of the fighting metope I saw the muscle shown under the one arm-pit in that instantaneous action of darting out, and left out in the other arm-pits because not wanted, — when I saw, in fact, the most heroic style of art combined with all the essential detail of actual life the thing was done at once and for ever.

I shall never forget the horses' heads — the feet in the metopes! I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind and I knew that they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness.

I do not say this *now*, when all the world acknowledges it, but I said it then, *when no one would believe me*. I went home in perfect excitement, Wilkie trying to moderate my enthusiasm with his national caution.

I passed the evening in a mixture of torture and hope; all night I dozed and dreamed of the marbles. I rose at five in a fever of excitement, tried to sketch the Theseus from memory, did so and saw that I comprehended it. I worked that day and another and another, fearing that I was deluded. At last I got an order for myself; I rushed away to Park Lane; the impression was more vivid than before. I drove off to Fuseli, and fired him to such a degree that he ran upstairs, put on his coat and away we sallied. I remember that first a coal-cart with eight horses stopped us as it struggled up one of the lanes of the Strand; then a flock of sheep blocked us up; Fuseli, in a fury of haste and rage, burst into the middle of them, and they got between his little legs and jostled him so much that I screamed with laughter in spite of my excitement. He swore all along the Strand like a little fury. At last we came to Park Lane. Never shall I forget his uncompromising enthusiasm. He strode about saying, "De Greeks were godes! de Greeks were godes!"

For three months I drew until I had mastered the forms of these divine works and brought my hand and mind into subjection.

I saw that the essential was selected in them and the superfluous rejected; — that first, all the causes of action were known and then all of those causes wanted for any particular action were selected.

I drew at the marbles ten, fourteen, and fifteen hours at a time; staying often till twelve at night, holding a candle and my board in one hand and drawing with the other; and so I should have staid till morning had not the sleepy porter come

yawning in to tell me it was twelve o'clock, and then often have gone home, cold, benumbed and damp, my clothes steaming up as I dried them; and so spreading my drawings on the floor and putting a candle on the ground, I have drank my tea at one in the morning with ecstasy as its warmth trickled through my frame, and looked at my pictures and dwelt on my drawings, and pondered on the change of empires and thought that I had been contemplating what Socrates looked at and Plato saw, — and then, lifted up with my own high urgings of soul, I have prayed God to enlighten my mind to discover the principles of those divine things.

GOTHIC SCULPTURE AT AMIENS

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE stalls in the choir are very rich, as people know, carved in wood, in the early sixteenth century, with high twisted canopies, and histories, from the Old Testament mostly, wrought about them. The history of Joseph I remember best among these. Some of the scenes in it I thought very delightful; the story told in such a gloriously quaint, straightforward manner. Pharaoh's dream, how splendid that was! the king lying asleep on his elbow, and the kine coming up to him in two companies. I think the lean kine was about the best bit of wood-carving I have seen yet. There they were, a writhing heap, crushing and crowding one another, drooping heads and starting eyes, and strange angular bodies; altogether the most wonder-

ful symbol of famine ever conceived. I never fairly understood Pharoah's dream till I saw the stalls at Amiens.

There is nothing else to see in the choir; all the rest of the fittings being as bad as possible. So we will go out again, and walk round the choir-aisles. The screen round the choir is solid, the upper part of it carved (in the flamboyant times), with the history of St. John the Baptist, on the north side; with that of St. Firmin on the south. I remember very little of the sculptures relative to St. John but I know that I did not like them much. Those about St. Firmin, who evangelized Picardy, I remember much better, and some of them especially I thought very beautiful; they are painted too, and at any rate one cannot help looking at them.

I do not remember, in the least, the order in which they come, but some of them are fixed well enough in my memory; and, principally, a bishop, (St. Firmin) preaching, rising out of a pulpit from the midst of the crowd, in his jeweled cope and mitre, and with a beautiful sweet face. Then another, the baptizing of the king and his lords, was very quaint and lifelike. I remember, too, something about the finding of St. Firmin's relics, and the translation of the same relics when found; the many bishops, with their earnest faces, in the first, and the priests, bearing the reliquaries, in the second; with their long vestments girded at the waist and falling over their feet, painted, too, in light colours, with golden flowers on them. I wish I remembered these carvings better, I liked them so much. Just about this place, in the lower

part of the screen, I remember the tomb of a priest, very gorgeous, with gold and colours; he lay in a deep niche, under a broad segmental arch, which is painted with angels; and, outside this niche, angels were drawing back painted curtains, I am sorry to say. But the priest lay there in cope and alb, and the gentle colour lay over him, as his calm face gazed ever at the angels painted in his resting-place. I have dim recollection of seeing, when I was at Amiens before, not this last time, a tomb, which I liked much, a bishop, I think it was, lying under a small round arch, but I forget the figure now. This was in a chapel on the other side of the choir. It is very hard to describe the interior of a great church like this, especially since the white-wash (applied, as I said, on this scale in 1771) lies on everything so; before that time, some book says, the church was painted from end to end with patterns of flowers and stars, and histories: think — I might have been able to say something about it then, with that solemn glow of colour all about me; as I walked there from sunrise to sunset; and yet, perhaps, it would have filled my heart too full for speaking, all that beauty, I know not.

Concerning the *southernmost porch of the west front*. — The doorway of the porch also has on the centre pillar of it a statue of the Virgin standing, holding the divine Christ in her arms. Both the faces of the Virgin Mother and of her Son, are very beautiful; I like them much better than those of the south transept; indeed I think them the grandest of all the faces of the Madonna and Child that I have seen carved by the French architects. I have seen many, the faces of which I do not like,

though the drapery is always beautiful; their faces I do not like at all events, as faces of the Virgin and Child, though as faces of other people even if not beautiful they would be interesting. The Child is, as in the transept, draped down to the feet; draped too, how exquisitely I know not how to say. His right arm and hand is stretched out across His mother's breast, His left hangs down so that His wrist as His hand is a little curved upwards, rests upon His knee; His mother holds Him slightly with her left arm, with her right she holds a fold of her robe on which His feet rest. His figure is not by any means that of an infant, for it is slim and slender, too slender for even a young boy, yet too soft, too much rounded for a youth, and the head also is too large; I suppose some people would object to this way of carving One who is supposed to be an infant; yet I have no doubt that the old sculptors were right in doing so, and to my help in this matter comes the remembrance of Ruskin's answer to what Lord Lindsay says concerning the inability of Giotto and his school to paint young children; for he says that it might very well happen that Giotto could paint children, but yet did not choose to in this instance, (the Presentation of the Virgin) for the sake of the much greater dignity to be obtained by using the more fully developed figure and face; and surely, whatever could be said about Giotto's paintings, no one who was at all acquainted with Early French sculpture could doubt that the carvers of this figure here, could have carved an infant if they had thought fit to do so, men who again and again grasped eagerly common everyday things when in any way they would

tell their story. To return to the statues themselves. The face of the young Christ is of the same character as His figure, such a face as Elizabeth Browning tells of, the face of One "Who never sinned or smiled"; at least if the sculptor fell below his ideal somewhat, yet for all that, through that face with which he failed in a little, we can see when we look, that his ideal was such an one. The Virgin face is calm and very sweet, full of rest — indeed the two figures are very full of rest; everything about them expresses it from the broad forehead of the Virgin, to the resting of the feet of the Child (who is almost self-balanced) in the fold of the robe that she holds gently, to the falling of the quiet lines of her robe over her feet, to the resting of its folds between them.

The square heads of the door-valves, and a flat moulding above them which runs up also into the first division of the tympanum, is covered with faintly cut diaper-work of four-leaved flowers.

The first division of the tympanum has six sitting figures in it; on each side of the canopy over the Virgin's head, Moses and Aaron; Moses with the tables of the law, and Aaron with great blossomed staff; with them again two on either side, sit the four greater prophets, their heads veiled, and a scroll lying along between them, over their knees: old they look, very old, old and passionate and fierce, sitting there for so long.

The next division has in it the death and burial of the Virgin, — the twelve Apostles clustering round the deathbed of the Virgin. I wish my photograph were on a larger scale, for this indeed seems to me one of the most beautiful pieces of

carving about this church, those earnest faces expressing so many things mingled with their regret that she will be no more with them; and she, the Virgin-Mother, in whom all those prophecies were fulfilled, lying so quiet there, with her hands crossed downwards, dead at last. Ah! and where will she go now? whose face will she see always? Oh! that we might be there too! Oh! those faces so full of all tender regret; which even They must feel for Her; full of all yearning, and longing that they too might finish the long fight, that they might be with the happy dead; there is a wonder on their faces too, when they see what the mighty power of Death is. The foremost is bending down, with his left hand laid upon her breast, and he is gazing there so long, so very long; one looking there too, over his shoulder, rests his hand on him; there is one at the head, one at the foot of the bed; and he at the head is turning round his head, that he may see her face, while he holds in his hands the long vestment on which her head rests.

So also the third and last division filling the top of the arch. I only know that it represents the Virgin sitting glorified with Christ, crowned by angels and with angels all about her.

All the three porches of the west front have a fringe of cusps ending in flowers, hanging to their outermost arch, and above this a band of flower-work, consisting of a rose and three rose leaves alternating with each other.

Concerning the *central porch of the west front*: The pillar which divides the valves of the central porch carries a statue of Our Lord; His right hand raised to bless, His Left hand holding the Book;

along the jambs of the porch are the Apostles, but not the Apostles alone, I should think; those that are in the side that I can see have their distinctive emblems with them, some of them at least. Their faces vary very much here, as also their figures and dress; the one I like best among them is one who I think is meant for St. James the Less, with a long club in his hands; but they are all grand faces, stern and indignant, for they have come to judgment.

For there above in the tympanum, in the midst over the head of Christ, stand three angels, and the midmost of them bears scales in his hands, wherein are the souls being weighed against the accusations of the Accuser, and on either side of him stands another angel, blowing a long trumpet, held downwards, and their long, long raiment, tight across the breast, falls down over their feet, heavy, vast, ungirt; and at the corners of this same division stand two other angels, and they are also blowing long trumpets held downward so that their blast goes round the world and through it; and the dead are rising between the robes of the angels with their hands many of them lifted to heaven; and above them and below them are deep bands of wrought flowers; and in the vaulting of the porch are eight bands of niches with many, many figures carved therein; and in the first row in the lowest niche Abraham stands with the saved souls in the folds of his raiment. But above the resurrection from the dead, in the tympanum, is the reward of the good, and the punishment of the bad. Peter standing there at the gate, and the long line of the blessed entering one by one; each one crowned as

he enters by an angel waiting there; and above their heads a cornice takes the shape of many angels stooping down to them to crown them. But on the inferno side the devil drives before him the wicked, all naked, presses them on toward hell-mouth, that gapes for them, and above their heads the devil-cornice hangs and weighs on them. And above these the Judge showing the wounds that were made for the salvation of the world; and St. Mary and St. John kneeling on either side of Him, they who stood so once at the Crucifixion; two angels carrying cross and spear and nails; two other kneeling, and, above, other angels, with their wings spread and singing. Something like this is carved in the central porch at Amiens.

Once more forgive me, I pray, for the poor way in which I have done even that which I have attempted to do; and forgive me also for that which I have left undone.

NICCOLA PISANO

LORD LINDSAY

IN comparing the advent of Niccola Pisano to that of the sun at his rising, I am conscious of no exaggeration; on the contrary, it is the only simile by which I can hope to give you an adequate impression of his brilliancy and power relatively to the age in which he flourished. Those sons of Erebus, the American Indians, fresh from their traditional subterranean world, and gazing for the first time on the gradual dawning of day in the East, could not have been more dazzled, more

astounded when the sun actually appeared, than the popes and podestas, friars and freemasons must have been in the thirteenth century, when from among the Biduinos, Bonnanos and Antelamis of the twelfth, Niccola emerged in his glory, sovereign and supreme, a fount of light, diffusing warmth and radiance over Christendom. It might be too much to parallel him in actual genius with Dante and Shakespeare; they stand alone and unapproachable, each on his distinct pinnacle of the temple of Christian song, — and yet neither of them can boast such extent and durability of influence, for whatever of highest excellence has been achieved in Sculpture and Painting, not in Italy only but throughout Europe, has been in obedience to the impulse he primarily gave, and in following up the principle which he first struck out. — I write this, fearless of contradiction, for you will not, I am sure, misunderstand me as proposing Niccola's men and women as models for an academy; I think and speak of the immortal spirit, not of bones and muscles, — though even in that point of view he merits no small respect. But to descend to specification: —

Niccola's peculiar praise is this, — that, in practice at least, if not in theory, he first established the principle that the study of nature, corrected by the ideal of the antique, and animated by the spirit of Christianity, personal and social, can alone lead to excellence in art, each of the three elements of human nature — Matter, Mind and Spirit — being thus brought into union and co-operation in the service of God, in due relative harmony and subordination. I cannot over-estimate the importance

of this principle; it was on this that, consciously or unconsciously, Niccola himself worked, — it has been by following it that Donatello and Ghiberti, Leonard, Raphael and Michael Angelo have risen to glory. The Sienese school and the Florentine, minds contemplative and dramatic, are alike beholden to it for whatever success has attended their efforts. Like a treble-stranded rope, it drags after it the triumphal car of Christian Art.

ANDREA PISANO

SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY

POSSESSING, as Andrea Pisano did the technical traditions and skill of the Pisan school of sculpture, — he used them to give sculptured form to those same new ideals which Giotto expressed in the domain of painting. He had, indeed, already shown himself fit compeer with Giotto, in the beautiful bronze gates which he designed in 1330, before the Campanile's foundations were laid. As decorated doors they are finer than Ghiberti's and more severe; but their good qualities are of a less popular sort. If a visitor to Florence will stand at a point equi-distant from Andrea's and Ghiberti's doors, whence he can see both, he will quickly perceive how superior the old ones are in decorative effect. It is only when you come close up to Ghiberti's that the grace of the figures reveals its exquisite charm. Yet the panels of Andrea's doors are not really less beautiful, even in form, whilst they are more truly sculptural, and far lovelier in sentiment.

One might select a panel at random for study, for all are excellent and all adapted to their places, those below the line of sight being simpler than those upon and above it. If I ask you now to examine the panels representing John the Baptist's Disciples carrying him to the Tomb, and burying him, it is not because they are better than the rest, but because space compels us to make a selection. In each instance you will note how beautifully the artist fills the area at his disposal; how excellently he groups his masses and breaks up his draperies to reflect the light with a pleasing glitter; and, finally, what sweetness of sentiment he infuses into his figures. It is all done so simply. There is no passion of grief in the sorrowing disciples, yet who can doubt their affection and sincerity? I know of no work of early Tuscan Art, not even by Giotto himself, more serenely complete and suited for its place than this; none more lovely. Its little details of decoration, alternate nail-heads and flowers, with lion-heads at the panel corners, are perfect for their purpose. The outside frame, added at a later day, by Ghiberti and his pupils, however elaborate and even beautiful in details, now mainly serves by its relatively confused effect at a distance to manifest the superior decorative quality of the doors it was intended to enrich.

*THE BAS-RELIEFS OF GIOTTO'S
TOWER*

SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY

THE conspicuous merit of these little sculptures is the admirable way in which they are adapted to the spaces they have to fill. It is a merit possessed by all Giotto's paintings and by Andrea Pisano's reliefs. Whether Andrea derived it from Giotto we cannot say. He certainly did not derive it from his master in sculpture, Giovanni Pisano, whose works lack that particular quality. The hexagonal reliefs of the lower tier are more finely finished and more elaborate in design, as being nearer the spectator's eye than are the figures in lozenges higher up. Those are relieved against a coloured background. It is curious that comparatively little attention has been paid to them, and yet, in their place and for their purpose, they are no wise inferior to the hexagons. They consist of a series of allegorical figures, representing the Seven Virtues, Seven Liberal Arts, Seven Sacraments, and so forth. To quote only one example, the Sacrament of the Mass is an admirable design beautifully carried out. Its simplicity and lucidity are as remarkable as the charm of the design and the excellence of the execution, at once bold enough to be effective at a distance, and yet to suggest delicacy when beheld from the intended stand-point of a spectator.

If it were necessary to select one of the lower series of hexagons to stand as representative of all, my choice would be the Jabal, "father of such as

dwell in tents and of such as have cattle." He sits upon the ground and, opening the door of his tent, looks forth serenely upon his flock (I suppose), his little dog being just outside. This seems to me the most Giottoesque panel. I suppose Giotto never dwelt in tents. If he had done so, he would have experienced the delight of sitting in his tent door, amongst his small possessions, and gazing forth upon the great outside world, especially at sunset. The tent itself is beautifully sculptured, the droop and hang of it rendered with skill, and the whole designed to fit perfectly into the given space and, with its large and dignified surfaces, to surround and set off the face and figure of the worthy patriarch.

MICHELANGELO

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

THE sacristy may be looked on either as the masterpiece of a sculptor who required fit setting for his statues, or of an architect who designed statues to enhance the structure he had planned. Both arts are used with equal ease, nor has the genius of Michelangelo dealt more masterfully with the human frame than with the forms of Roman architecture in this chapel. He seems to have paid no heed to classic precedent, and to have taken no pains to adapt the parts to the structural purpose of the building. It was enough for him to create a wholly novel framework for the modern miracle of sculpture it enshrines, attending to such rules of composition as determine light and shade,

and seeking by the relief of mouldings and pilasters to enhance the terrible and massive forms that brood above the Medicean tombs. The result is a product of picturesque and plastic art as true to the Michelangelesque spirit as the Temple of the Wingless Victory to that of Pheidias. But where Michelangelo achieved a triumph of boldness, lesser natures were betrayed into bizarrerie; and this chapel of the Medici, in spite of its grandiose simplicity proved a stumbling-block to subsequent architects by encouraging them to despise propriety and violate the laws of structure.

The colossal statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo were studied with a view to their light and shadow as much as to their form; and this is a fact to be remembered by those who visit the chapel where Buonarroti laboured both as architect and sculptor. Of the two Medici, it is not fanciful to say that the Duke of Urbino is the most immovable of spectral shapes eternalized in marble; while the Duke of Nemours, more graceful and elegant, seems intended to present a contrast to this terrible thought-burdened form. The allegorical figures, stretched on segments of ellipses beneath the pedestals of the two Dukes, indicate phases of darkness and of light, of death and life. They are two women and two men; tradition names them Night and Day, Twilight and Dawning. Thus in the statues themselves and in their attendant genii we have a series of abstractions, symbolizing the sleep and waking of existence, action and thought, the gloom of death, the lustre of life, and the intermediate states of sadness and of hope that form the borderland of both. Life is a dream between two slumbers;

sleep is death's twin-brother; night is the shadow of death; death is the gate of life: — such is the mysterious mythology wrought by the sculptor of the modern world in marble. All these figures, by the intensity of their expression, the vagueness of their symbolism, force us to think and question. What, for example, occupies Lorenzo's brain? Bending forward, leaning his chin upon his wrist, placing the other hand upon his knee, on what does he for ever ponder?

"The sight, as Rogers said well, 'fascinates and is intolerable.' Michelangelo has shot the beaver of the helmet forward on his forehead, and bowed his head, so as to clothe the face in darkness. But behind the gloom there lurks no fleshless skull, as Rogers fancied. The whole frame of the powerful man in instinct with some imperious thought. Has he outlived his life and fallen upon everlasting contemplation? Is he brooding, injured and indignant, over his own doom and the extinction of his race? Is he condemned to witness in immortal immobility the woes of Italy he helped to cause? Or has the sculptor symbolized in him the burden of that personality we carry with us in this life, and bear for ever when we wake into another world? Beneath this incarnation of oppressive thought there lie, full length and naked, the figures of Dawn, and Twilight, Morn and Evening. So at least they are commonly called, and these names are not inappropriate; for the breaking of the day and the approach of night are metaphors for many transient conditions of the soul. It is only as allegories in a large sense, comprehending both the physical and intellectual order and capable of

various interpretation, that any of these statues can be understood. Even the Dukes do not pretend to be portraits, and hence in part perhaps the uncertainty that has gathered round them. Very tranquil and noble is Twilight: a giant in repose, he meditates, leaning upon his elbow, looking down. But Dawn starts from her couch, as though some painful summons had reached her, sunk in dreamless sleep, and called her forth to suffer. Her waking to consciousness is like that of one who has been drowned, and who finds the return to life agony. Before her eyes, seen even through the mists of slumber, are the ruin and shame of Italy. Opposite lies Night, so sorrowful, so utterly absorbed in darkness and the shade of death, that to shake off that everlasting lethargy seems impossible. Yet she is not dead. If we raise our voices, she too will stretch her limbs, and, like her sister, shudder into sensibility with sighs. Only we must not wake her; for he who fashioned her has told us that her sleep of stone is great good fortune. Both of these women are large and brawny, unlike the Fates of Pheidias, in their muscular maturity. The burden of Michelangelo's thought was too tremendous to be borne by virginal and graceful beings. He had to make women no less capable of suffering, no less world-wearied, than his country.

"Standing before these statues, we do not cry, How beautiful! We murmur, How terrible, how grand! Yet, after long gazing, we find them gifted with beauty beyond grace. In each of them there is a palpitating thought, torn from the artist's soul and crystallized in marble. It has been said that architecture is petrified music. In the Sac-

risty of S. Lorenzo we feel impelled to remember phrases of Beethoven. Each of these statues becomes for us a passion, fit for musical expression, but turned like Niobe to stone. They have the intellectual vagueness, the emotional certainty, that belong to the motives of a symphony. In their allegories, left without a key, sculpture has passed beyond her old domain of placid concrete form. The anguish of intolerable emotion, the quickening of the consciousness to a sense of suffering, the acceptance of the inevitable, the strife of the soul with destiny, the burden and the passion of mankind: that is what they contain in their cold chisel-tortured marble. It is open to critics of the school of Lessing to object that here is the suicide of sculpture. It is easy to remark that those strained postures and writhen limbs may have perverted the taste of lesser craftsmen. Yet if Michelangelo was called to carve Medicean statues after the sack of Rome and the fall of Florence — if he was obliged in sober sadness to make sculpture a fit language for his sorrow-laden heart — how could he have wrought more truthfully than this? To imitate him without sharing his emotions or comprehending his thoughts as the soulless artists of the decadence attempted, was without all doubt a grievous error. Surely also we may regret, not without reason, that in the evil days upon which he had fallen, the fair antique *Heiterkeit* and *Allgemeinheit* were beyond his reach."

That this regret is not wholly sentimental may be proved, I think, by an exchange of verses, which we owe to Vasari's literary sagacity. He tells us that when the statue of Night was opened to the

public view, it drew forth the following quatrain from an author unknown to himself by name:—

*The Night thou seest here, posed gracefully
In act of slumber, was by an Angel wrought
Out of this stone; sleeping, with life she's fraught:
Wake her, incredulous wight; she'll speak to thee.*

Michelangelo would have none of these academical conceits and compliments. He replied in four verses, which show well enough what thoughts were in his brain when he composed the nightmare burdened, heavy-sleeping woman:—

*Dear is my sleep, but more to be mere stone,
So long as ruin and dishonour reign:
To hear naught, to feel naught, is my great gain;
Then wake me not; speak in an undertone.*

THE PIETÀ

The best way to study Michelangelo's last work in marble is to take the admirable photograph produced under artificial illumination by Alinari. No sympathetic mind will fail to feel that we are in immediate contact with the sculptor's very soul, at the close of his life, when all his thoughts were weaned from earthly beauty, and he cried—

*Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul, that turns to his great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.*

As a French critic has observed: "It is the most intimately personal and the most pathetic of his works. The idea of penitence exhales from it.

The marble preaches the sufferings of the Passion: it makes us listen to an act of bitter contrition and an act of sorrowing love."

MICHELANGELO

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

BUT the statue that sits above Morning and Evening, is like no other that ever came from a sculptor's hand. It is the one work worthy of Michelangelo's reputation, and grand enough to vindicate for him all the genius that the world gave him credit for. And yet it seems a simple thing enough to think of or to execute; merely a sitting figure, the face partly overshadowed by a helmet, one hand supporting the chin, the other resting on the thigh. But after looking at it a little while, the spectator ceases to think of it as a marble statue; it comes to life, and you see that the princely figure is brooding over some great design, which, when he has arranged in his own mind, the world will be fain to execute for him. No such grandeur and majesty has elsewhere been put into human shape. It is all a miracle; the deep repose, and the deep life within it. It is as much a miracle to have achieved this as to make a statue that would rise up and walk. The face, when one gazes earnestly into it, beneath the shadow of its helmet, is seen to be calmly sombre; a mood which, I think, is generally that of the rulers of mankind, except in moments of vivid action. The statue is one of the things which I look at with highest enjoyment, but also with grief and impatience, because I feel that

I do not comprehend at all that which it involves, and that by and by I must go away and leave it forever. How wonderful! To take a block of marble, and convert it wholly into thought, and to do it through all the obstructions and impediments of drapery; for there is nothing nude in this statue but the face and hands. The vest is the costume of Michelangelo's century. This is what I always thought a sculptor of true genius should be able to do, — to show the man, of whatever epoch, nobly and heroically, through the costume which he might actually have worn.

The statue sits within a square niche of white marble, and completely fills it. It seems to me a pity that it should be thus confined. Its naturalness is as if it came out of the marble of its own accord, with all its grandeur hanging heavily about it, and sat down there beneath its weight. I cannot describe it. It is like trying to stop the ghost of Hamlet's father by crossing spears before it.

GLOSSARY

Apse: Term applied to any circular or polygonal projecting portion of a building. In churches the place where the altar is. See *Chancel*.

Architrave: Beam, or succession of beams resting directly upon the columns in classical architecture.

Archivolt: The moulded arches on the face of an arch near, and concentric with the under side of the arch as it springs from one of its supports to the other.

Balustrade: Row of balusters, or short pillars, connected by an ornamental rail; to be used in architecture as a fence either for protection or for ornament, or for both.

Bas-relief: Low relief; carving or sculpture which stands out, but not greatly, from the slab on which it is cut.

Buttress: Support built against a wall, or free of the wall but strengthening it by connecting arches, used especially to neutralize the thrusts in Gothic vault construction.

Capital: Head of a column or pillar.

Chancel: The part of a church, without regard to shape, which is appropriated to uses of the clergy. See *Apse*.

Chevet: The circular or polygonal east end of a church.

Choir: That part of a church between the transepts and the apse; the part intended primarily for the singers.

Clerestory: Portion of a church containing windows and rising above the roofs and vaults of the side aisles.

Cloister: Covered walk, often around a quadrangle, with wall on outer, and windows or arcades on inner side.

Corbel: A bracket.

Cornice: Horizontal moulded projection crowning a building; upper portion of entablature in classical architecture. See *Entablature*.

Crocket: Small, carved, projecting ornament applied to the edges of gables, spires, pinnacles, etc.

Cusp: Point projecting inward from the edge of an arch; used in connection with tracery. See *Tracery*.

Dome: A vault or roof of curved plan and curved section.

Dormer: Projecting upright window in sloping roof.

Drum: The wall, curved on plan, and built to support a dome, in order to give it added height.

Entablature: The horizontal parts of a building which rest directly upon its columns. Classical architecture.

Façade: Face or front of a building.

Finial: Carved ornament finishing off the point of a gable, or pinnacle. See *Pinnacle*.

Frieze: Band of decoration, carved in relief, or painted, which is placed beneath the cornice. See *Cornice*.

Jamb: Side post of opening, door or window.

Lantern: A small tower with windows on all sides, raised over the opening in the top of a dome.

The purpose is first to admit light; second to form an ornament.

Moulding: The more or less ornamental profile given to the edges of various architectural members. The "trim."

Mullion: Upright bar dividing lights of a window; a part of the tracery. See *Tracery*.

Nave: Broad central aisle; the body of a church from west end to transepts.

Parapet: Low wall at the edge of a roof.

Pendentive: A triangular, spherical bracket of masonry placed in the angle of a square compartment, by which the angle may be translated to a quarter circle. Four such pendentives, one each in each of the four angles of a square compartment, will translate the square to a complete circle, on which, as base, a circular dome may be securely and logically placed.

Pietà: The Virgin holding the body of Christ, dead.

Pilaster: Rectangular column joined to, or engaged with a wall.

Pinnacle: A much elongated pyramid or ornamental point; little terminations much used in Gothic design.

Rose: Circular window.

String-course: A narrow, continuous, horizontal moulding, projecting from a wall.

Thrust: The sidewise push of arches and vaults. What is meant by the Arabian proverb, "the arch never sleeps."

Tracery: The stone divisions of a window opening; especially the decorative, open work divisions of the head of a window.

Transept: Each of the transverse portions of a cross-shaped church running out at right angles to nave and choir.

Triforium: Gallery, usually the arcade, above the side aisles of a church.

Tympanum: The pointed space beneath a Gothic arch, or the gable space in classical architecture.

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